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Annals of Surgery

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF SURGICAL
SCIENCE AND PRACTICE.

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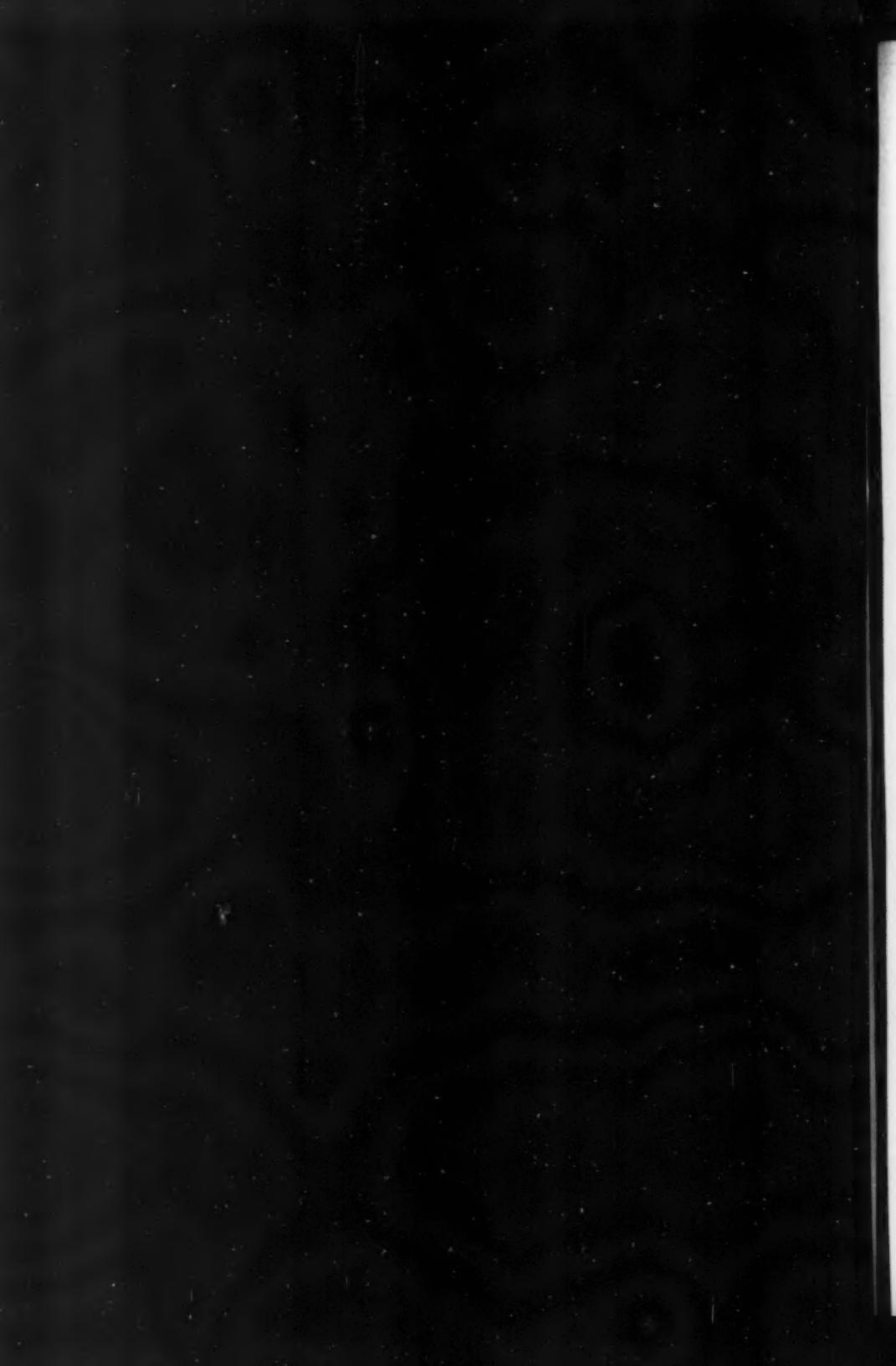
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CONTENTS.

I. THE HIGHLANDS OF NATAL. By Emile M'Master,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	195
II. INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	205
III. THE NOVELS OF JOHN GALT,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	214
IV. THE PERSONALITY OF MARGARET FULLER. By Elsie Rhodes,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	223
V. LONDON REVISITED. By William O'Brien,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	228
VI. SHERIDAN. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	234
VII. AN IRISH PEASANT-WOMAN. By Katherine Tynan Hinkson,	<i>New Review</i> ,	238
VIII. THE WHITE ROAD,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	245
IX. A CITY OF SUFFERING,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	252

POETRY.

BALLADE OF A MONTREUX GARDEN,	194	"THOUGH THE WORLD BLAME THEE,"	194
FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFEZ,	194		

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BALLADE OF A MONTREUX GARDEN.

(TO J. H. W.)

"*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet.*"—*Hor. II. iv.*

It nestles 'neath the walnut shade
Hard by a Vaudois village grey
This old-time garden where displayed
Laburnums bloom in rich array.
Here lilies skirt the gravelled way,
The air around with fragrance fill,
And fain would fête eternal May
Mid Banksia-rose and daffodil!

Wistaria makes a brave parade,
And flecks the house with purple spray
Here lilac branches, overweighed
With snowy blossom, gently sway.
For from the lake creeps up to play
The western breeze, at wayward will
In varying moods, the livelong day
Mid Banksia-rose and daffodil.

And see, half bold, yet half afraid,
The bullfinch flaunts his plumage gay,
And pipes a jocund serenade
As shadows steal o'er Montreux bay:
The sunset glory fades away,
In clear, sweet notes the blackbirds trill
To joyous mates their vesper lay
Mid Banksia-rose and daffodil.

Envoy.

Tout lasse, tout passe, alackaday!
And winter, prince, with sceptre chill
Will rule anon, where spring bore sway
Mid Banksia-rose and daffodil.

Temple Bar.

ARMIE WHITE.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFEZ.
Give not thy tresses to the breeze,
Lest that mad breeze sweep through my
heart;
Touch not the house of flatteries,
Lest my life's house break and dispart.

Let but the firelight flush thy face,
I straight forget the rose-leaf's red;
Lift but thy stature's slender grace,
And the free cypress bows its head!

Court not the city's strident praise,
Lest I should flee to mountains dumb,

As Ferhad¹ fled through lonely ways,
By love of Shirin overcome.

Drink not the cup that aliens give,—
My heart's blood thou wouldest drink for
wine;

No kinsman in thy memory live,
That thou mayst live supreme in mine.

The blown rings of thine hair replace,—
Those rings my heart a captive bind;
Plunge not in glancing streams thy face,
Scatt'ring my senses to the wind.

No stranger whisper "Love!" to thee,
Lest jealousy should drive me mad;
Mourn not for others' misery,
For if thou mourn, can I be glad?

Be not the lamp of feasts, I fear,
Lest that bright lamp set me afire;
Trifle no more, lest to the ear
Of Heaven itself my cry aspire.

Have mercy on me, weeping sore,
Ah, come! and silence my lament,
Lest in the dust of Assaf's² door
My latest wailing breath be spent.

Join not the pitiless skies in hate
Of Hafez, lest he sink and die;
Beware! lest happier turns of fate
Bring justice to such slaves as I.

Temple Bar.

¹ Ferhad and Shirin were two lovers, famous in Persian literature.

² Assaf was the great vizir of Solomon.

"THOUGH THE WORLD BLAME THEE."
Though the world blame thee, thou art
not to blame;
Though the world praise thee, hearken
not at all.
In thine own heart is the reward or shame,
In thine own heart the victory or the
fall.

What others think of thee stay not to
ask—
Rather than please the many, serve the
few;
Knowing that life's most glorious regal
task
Is never quite too hard for thee to do.
Academy. ARTHUR L. SALMON.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE HIGHLANDS OF NATAL.

Speaking at the banquet given in London on November 6 last, to celebrate the completion of the Natal-Johannesburg railway, Mr. Chamberlain expressed more than sanguine views as to this and other South African lines. Returns to "make the mouth of an English director water" he looked upon as assured.

The elevated plateaus of Natal, which are especially referred to below, have been developed by the older parts of the railway for twelve years past, and the effect is very apparent in the increased prosperity and comfort everywhere visible throughout the country. From the birth of Johannesburg the Natal Government Railway has been a very paying concern. Since the completion of the line its prosperity has increased to such a degree that it would probably now fetch, at public sale, a sum largely in excess of the total debt of Natal.

Hitherto Natal has been generally mistaken, even by many educated South Africans, for territory mainly sub-tropical and low-lying, owing to the fact that the two towns which have in the past attracted almost all the passing notice given to the Colony are Durban, which is on the coast, and Pietermaritzburg, the capital, which is sunk in an extremely deep hollow, though it stands twenty-two hundred above the sea level. As a matter of precise and vital fact, out of some sixty stations on the Natal main line, six are over five thousand feet (one, Van Renssen, fifty-five hundred), and five more—eleven in all—above forty-five hundred, while more than half are over thirty-five hundred; although a railway, of course, passes through the lowest parts of the country it traverses. After the eightieth mile of railway, less than fifty miles in a direct line from the coast, the average altitude of the next thirty-five railway stations—up to Charlestown, namely—is quite forty-two hundred feet, which shows a temperate and very attractive climate. At the one hundred and eleventh mile of

rail from the port, and much less than that by road, an extensive plateau, just on five thousand feet, is reached. So that in Natal the series of high plateaus, which is general all over South Africa, and on which its climatic repute solely depends, lies within about one-fourth of the distance from the coast, or port, which must elsewhere be traversed in order to attain them. The two large towns are only now beginning to have the means to appreciate this at all adequately, and within the last few years there has been a very marked improvement in the highland hotels, an improvement now certain to extend at an increasing rate. In point of fact, within one hundred and ten miles by rail from the coast everything, ranging from coffee to chilblains, can be successfully raised.

Though sub-tropical in climate on the coast, and producing tea and sugar, Natal lies outside the tropics; and, to give a rapid picture of the climate *at about forty-five hundred feet*, it is such that on an average on five days a week during every month of the year, both winter and summer, afternoon tea may be taken under the orchard or other shade at a temperature of from 60° to 70°, and in a light, bright, and bracing air. The day temperatures vary little between summer and winter, but the nights a good deal. Contrast this with a climate like that of Canada, where a large part of the settler's energy must go in preparing for and fighting six months of excessive cold, and two months of heat far in excess of the highland summer in South Africa.

During the last twenty years the farmers of the higher lands of Natal have prospered generally in two ways. They have made money slowly but steadily from wool, stock-breeding, and from general farming produce, milk and butter, oats, maize, etc., for Colonial requirements. They have in that period enjoyed three brilliant money-making spurts in the way of produce and of transport freights, arising from, first, the early development of the Kimberley diamond mines, then the Zulu war, and, lastly, the dis-

covery of the stupendous gold mines directly to the north. But in addition to this they have generally been large holders of land—from two thousand to ten thousand acres as a rule. A fair estimate of the increase in value of such holdings during the last twenty years would put the average rise at about four hundred per cent., *i.e.*, from between five and ten shillings per acre up to one or two pounds an acre. This increment of bare land value merely—not of land with homestead—has sprung in no appreciable degree from improvements made by the owners, but entirely from a gratuitous element of success; it is owing to the rapid progress of Natal and her immediate neighbors, a progress which will go on rapidly for another generation. The neglect of centuries, coupled with the advances of science in steam transport, ice apparatus, and economic treatment of low-grade gold ore, renders South Africa the more quickly progressive now.

During the ten years preceding 1891 the white population of Natal doubled itself. There was also an enormous increase in the black population, largely by influx from Zululand. There is every indication that a like rate of increase among the whites is being maintained, and possibly exceeded, since 1891.

To the least speculative farmer in the Colony the conditions and prospects of gold-mining must remain vital for at least ten years to come. Johannesburg, commonly called the Randt, lies immediately to the north. The second shortest of five railway-approaches thither from the sea traverses Natal through an already developed farming country, and is the route through which Johannesburg was mainly equipped and rushed into existence. The nearest of the five railway-approaches, that by Delagoa Bay, has drawbacks peculiar to itself. It is Portuguese, and is extremely malarious at its base. Besides being much shorter than the Cape railway routes the Natal line is exceedingly picturesque and attractive. It may safely be assumed that the very real rigors of the Johannesburg winter

—more people die there from cold than from heat—will to some extent be varied and relieved, now that quick railway connection is complete, by visits to Durban, the Natal port, which has an excellent winter climate, and can offer bathing, yachting, etc. In every branch of her revenue, and through most of her citizens, Natal has already been much enriched by the success of the Randt mines, and those mines have not as yet approached their zenith. Looking farther north, Mashonaland and Matabeleland will more than probably become solid contributors to the world's old supply. The persistent hopes of numerous experts and small capitalists in Natal will be sorely disappointed if the gold existing in Zululand close by be not ultimately worked to advantage.

Relying, however, only on what is already wholly proved, Johannesburg, as we all know, is not only the largest gold-producing centre the world has yet seen, but the most permanent, the most industrial, in essentials the least speculative. Five-and-thirty years after California touched her zenith as a gold-producer she was estimated on high authority to be one hundred times as rich in fruit, wheat, wine, and wool as ever she had been in gold. Present conditions seem more favorable in some ways to a like progress in South Africa than they did in California. South Africa is already in a very advanced state of development as to steam transport by land and sea, which was far from being the case in the gold-mining days of California. She has copious and cheap black labor—at present somewhat disorganized. Many of the gold and diamond mines employ over a thousand natives each, some coal-mines their fifties. The geographical position of quite southern Africa is singularly favored for purposes which will tell their own tale with surprising force in the near future. Capetown is almost in a direct line underneath London; their longitude is sufficiently similar to make the Cape the nearest point possible to London at that latitude with the seasons reversed; which means Cape

fruits, vegetables, and so on, in the European winter. At the last general meeting of the Union S.S. Co. their chairman had to remark: "It is disheartening to see our ships coming home comparatively empty, but sooner or later the agricultural resources of South Africa will be developed."

To touch on but one coming article of export out of several: Around Cape-town there grow luxuriantly and cheaply, at about one penny per pound, most luscious open-air grapes, muscats, and others, too rich for wine-making, but excellent for invalids and for raisins. Good peaches, too, are very cheap. During the last few years some of the ablest men in South Africa, and at least one of her largest capitalists, have been devoting time and money to the development of a trade in fresh and dried fruits and fresh vegetables with London, and later Europe, which may linger a little, but must come. Expert growers, with their up-to-date methods, have arrived from California. Some of the London fruit-dealers already send out their skilled packers. The main steamship lines have built cool chambers expressly for fruit.

In Natal the export of fruits is not as yet a staple source of income. But besides bananas and pineapples on the coast, at a level of from five hundred to three thousand feet there flourishes a superb orange, called the naatché. It is of the mandarin form and odor, but very much larger; its coloring, a most brilliant vermillion orange, renders it a singularly effective decoration for table purposes. Its export has only been attempted as yet on the slightest scale, but a quotation from the London agent of the consigner seems worth giving. Messrs. Gillespie & Son, of London, wrote: "Your trial shipment of twenty-two cases of fruit per U.S.S. Moor, duly arrived, and we have effected a sale at prices which we consider eminently satisfactory. The mandarins were, without exception, the very finest lot that were ever seen in our market—the boxes containing only a hundred yesterday realized 1½d. each wholesale. This is, we believe, the

highest price that has ever been obtained." Reversed seasons bring all such products to market at a time when there is no competition from Europe. Without reckoning on startling surprises of wealth exhumed periodically in South Africa, the proximity of coal and iron to each other in quantity in Natal and the Transvaal must be regarded, for it cannot now very long escape the attention of capitalists.

The magnificent results of the gold-mines, and their assured permanency, may keep gold at the head of the exports with advantage for a considerable number of years, but a later generation will surely see the relative importance of gold and agriculture reversed; and South Africa may well, like California, become thirty-five years hence literally one hundred times as rich in agriculture, horticulture, coal, iron, and other products as she is now in gold. Though such a prospect may stagger, it is not only in time realizable but, in part at least, inevitable. Looking to the immense attraction South Africa is now at last exercising over Europe, to her accessibility, her untapped wealth, and to her good fortune in having gold for a pioneer, a wide development of her general resources seems imminent.

To return to the high plateaus of Natal. Going north from Maritzburg the railway at once enters upon a long corkscrew ascent. After an hour's hard puffing, during which the capital has disappeared and reappeared several times, the fourth station, perched fifteen hundred feet above Maritzburg, and but little more than a rifle-shot distant, marks the commencement of a wide, fertile, and beautiful tableland averaging thirty-seven hundred feet high. It is a park-like country and strikingly similar in form and coloring to parts of West Somerset, those around the Quantocks and Porlock Vale; but in Natal the tops, unlike Exmoor, are fertile. In both countries the rounded hillsides of about fifteen hundred feet are clothed with a very dark green foliage, the grass is a lighter green, and the soil a deep reddish-brown. Natal is frequently called in South Africa the

garden colony, and this is becoming the most gardened portion. Along this part of the line, good homesteads, and occasionally a handsome residence, with avenues, orchard, and fields hedged with acacia-trees, go about one to the square mile, not to speak of villages around stations every four or five miles. Undoubtedly the Natal farmer often lives too well, and especially houses himself in a style out of proportion to his capital; and in this he is exceedingly unlike the Dutchman, who, though he may own property worth from £10,000 to £50,000, generally lives cheaply and very poorly from our point of view.

Thirty miles of rail, and the yet higher plateau—that just on five thousand feet—is reached. Grassy, but with fewer trees, it is flanked fifty miles to the west—which look like fifteen in that pellucid air—by the Drakensberg range, with its sheer precipitous walls, rising superb and majestic to ten thousand or eleven thousand feet, the highest points in extra-tropical Africa, and often snow-clad even at midsummer. This is assuredly the choicest stock-farming district in Natal, and probably in South Africa, and is held by a progressive class of farmers. It seems especially adapted for man, beast, and crop of middle or northern European origin. The delicate texture of the herbage, the garden produce, and the ferns denote a temperate and salubrious climate. Above four thousand feet the orange begins to fail, at forty-five hundred feet the peach; thereabouts the cherry and apple thrive, with such things as clover and turnips. The stately arum lily, which flourishes like our daisy in the Midlands, here gives place, in the frequent watered ravines, to a riot of delicate maidenhair ferns. Here especially the air has commonly the immediate result of inducing high spirits and a keen appetite; all the surroundings are wholesome and elevating to the last degree. Amid such expanded views, ranging over a prospect of fifty miles, and in that clear, buoyant air, breezy and bracing, a gallop towards evening in summer produces a

sense of exhilaration to haunt the memory for long years. The farmer quietly values the high air for his family and his stock, and pities the lowlander; the visitor discovers it "like champagne;" the doctor dubs it highly "aseptic;" while the Zulus were wont to carry their wounded high up into this hospital of nature. There is in truth quite a striking sense of cleanliness about the atmosphere. If the middle of the day is sometimes hot it is never enervating; far from it. Taking the whole twenty-four hours, it is never warmer here than the English summer, and always more bracing; and the winter, though cold and keenly frosty at night, has invariably a warm and sunny daytime, while the dark winter days so frequent at home are quite unknown.

Olive Schreiner has lately been analyzing for us, with rare subtlety, the origin of the Boers' love and veneration for the physical traits of the land to which they emigrated. That semi-religious love of their promised land is somewhat recondite. In a very few years the English resident on the highlands of Natal commonly arrives at the same level of patriotism from influences neither subtle nor recondite. Whatever he has experienced before is almost certain to suffer in comparison with the beauty, the climate, and the material comfort of what he has so easily come to possess. He loves his surroundings because they are lovable, and has, as a rule, no desire to move, because change would be to his detriment.

Perhaps the leading feature in the present life of Natal is the immense activity in the matter of agricultural shows and societies, farmers' conferences, farmers' agencies, stud companies, and the like. Ten years ago the agricultural shows, amounting now to about twelve in number—two of surprising scope—were practically nonexistent. The first very high plateau, averaging forty-eight hundred feet, is beginning to feed the two large towns, and the uses of the ice-factory are catching on through one or two rich

country centres. Exceptionally good beef, mutton, and lamb have for the last four years been sent down the twelve hours' journey to the port; butter for two years; milk and fruit seem to be coming shortly. The government is likely before long to introduce refrigerating cars. The dairy expert, a recent arrival, is attentively listened to and has success assured. Recent experiments prove the growth of English cocksfoot grass (*Dactylis glomerata*) to be a complete success on the highest plateaus, and farmers are fast putting it in. The port and the capital are beginning to supply the district heavily with summer guests. Under such conditions, where good and delicate simple foods are the most easily obtained of the necessities of life, it is mere carelessness if the hotels fail to feed their guests well and wholesomely.

On these two plateaus immediately above Maritzburg along the main line, hotels are much more frequent, and average very much better than in any other country district in Africa. Two or three are pretty; in many the simple foods are good—in one, now no longer, I fear, public property, deliciously delicate. Until recently coarse living was undoubtedly the insuperable drawback to visitors in the high and healthy country districts in South Africa. The hotels may presently approximate to those of Madeira; the high country is much more wholesome, take the whole year round, and there lies around stimulating opportunity for enterprise. Over ninety per cent. of the white race in Natal is British—no small consideration just now; elsewhere the Dutch still predominate; here only in South Africa the English tongue exclusively prevails. This being so, and having a comparatively dense population, one may expect Natal to remain pre-eminent in the comfort and civilization of its country district. The increasing wealth of the large lowland towns, and the extreme salubrity of a handy and lofty plateau, must, too, operate much more rapidly in the future than they have done in the past, now that Johannes-

burg and Durban have complete railway connection. Natal ministers, two years ago, believed they had secured her Free Trade with the Transvaal, by a much discussed sixteenth clause of an important railway convention. That clause ambiguously guaranteed the granting of full "trade facilities." Whatever that may be worked out exactly to mean, it is undoubted that there is a strong set just now throughout South Africa towards intercolonial Free Trade. By abandonment of trade restrictions on the part of the Transvaal, the Natal farmer along the main line to Johannesburg would peculiarly gain, especially in one or two districts which are thoroughly ripe for co-operative marketing.

The tableland at forty-eight hundred feet is quite fifty miles square, or measures roughly twenty-five hundred square miles. Comparatively well populated as it is, there are fewer than five hundred European families on it. It is land which should be closely farmed, and, allowing ultimately over six hundred acres for each family, each will benefit the other when it is held by from five to ten times its present population. Even in the very choicest, most convenient, and best developed farming districts throughout South Africa there will for a long time be ample room.

Certain evergreen trees grow with quite extraordinary facility and rapidity; they are the one shelter which stock require on the high land, and the excellent indigenous timber trees are already used up. Even the poorer parts of timber trees will find a market as mine-props, if near a station. Cocksfoot, grass supplements a want in the veldt, and takes stock through the dry winter. Anywhere within five miles of the numerous highland railway stations, the man who has leisure and capital to keep putting down ten percent. of cocksfoot grass to the veldt, and as many avenues and breakwinds, and as solid clumps of timber trees as he can find labor for, will be lucratively employed.

Maritzburg, the capital, has always had, and—as the imperial government

are still building barracks—seems likely to retain a large garrison for a town of twenty thousand inhabitants—two or three regiments of the line, one of cavalry, some artillery, and a few engineers. This has done much, of course, to brighten the social life of the midlands, and much that will last.

Poor as well as rich generally have gardens, however small, bright all the year round. Two of the nurserymen's gardens near Maritzburg rival the best that Madeira can show. It is in truth hard to say whether our English pansy, chrysanthemum, violet, rose, and even primrose, or the half-tropical azalea, camellia, arum lily, and all the lily tribe, thrive the more luxuriantly.

As to education, there is a large government grant per head, and the very fullest discussion over its disbursement. Besides several private schools, of which one is notably successful, there is a wonderful showing of handsome government school buildings, too handsome, perhaps. But that Natal is at least capable of fostering the highest attainments would appear in her claiming a recent senior wrangler, Mr. Bromwich, who went direct to Cambridge from four and a half years at a Natal school.

Throughout the mass of literature which the last twenty years has produced descriptive of South Africa, there has been a marked neglect of an aspect which strongly appealed to Anthony Trollope eighteen years ago. In his sagacious but forgotten book on South Africa, when touching on some of the most comely parts, he expressed and reiterated the opinion that the English gentleman with a family, and small or moderate means, would be advantaged by transplanting himself to this country of larger opportunities. Those who are conversant with the fictions, the poignant family history, the autobigraphy of Anthony Trollope, must feel with what unequalled authority he wrote on the necessities of the English country gentleman.

Time seems but to add to the truth of his opinions. Natal has become better suited to the class he addressed than

it was at the time he formed his views. A few sentences from him seem worth quoting now:—

The traveller knows as a fact that the Dutchmen in South Africa are more numerous than the English [so Trollope wrote about eighteen or twenty years ago]; but in Natal he is on English soil, among English people, with no more savor of Holland than he has in London when he chances to meet a Dutchman there. And yet over the whole South African continent there is no portion of the land for which the Dutchman has fought and bled, and dared and suffered, as he has done for Natal. . . . It is a smiling, pretty land, blessed with numerous advantages, and if it were my fate to live in South Africa, I should certainly choose Natal for my residence.

. . . In 1849 a body of English emigrants went out there who have certainly been successful as farmers, and who came chiefly, I think, from the county of York. . . . One man whom we saw had come from the East Riding of Yorkshire more than twenty years before, and was now the owner of twelve thousand acres. He was living comfortably with a pleasant wife and well-to-do children. His house was comfortable, and everything, no doubt, was plentiful with him. But he complained of the state of things, and would not admit himself to be well off. "O fortunati nimium sua si bona norint agricolæ." And in the midst of this, the man's prosperity and comfort were leaking out at every corner. The handsome grown-up daughter was telling me of the dancing parties around to which she went, and there were the pies and the custards all prepared for the family use, and brought out at a moment's notice. There were the dining-room and the drawing-room, well furnished and scrupulously clean, and lived in, which is almost more to the purpose. There could be no doubt that our Yorkshire friend had done well with himself. . . . I had quite convinced myself that the people whom I had seen during my little tour had done well in settling themselves in Natal. . . .

Of all the towns in South Africa, Pietermaritzburg is the one in which the native element is the most predominant. It is not only the stranger there sees more

black men and women in the streets than elsewhere, but that the black men and women whom he sees are more noticeable. The Zulus as seen in Maritzburg are certainly a peculiar people, and very picturesque. Whatever it be that the Zulu wears, he always looks as though he had chosen that particular costume quite regardless of expense, as being the one mode of dress most suitable to his own figure and complexion. The Zulu grace is much more excellent than the Kaffir grace. . . . At Maritzburg I found that I could always catch a Zulu at a moment's notice to do anything. At the hotel, or your club, or your friend's house, you signify to some one that you want a boy, and the "boy" is there at once. If you desired him to go a journey of two hundred miles, to the very boundary of the colony, he would go instantly and be not a whit surprised. He will travel thirty to forty miles in the twenty-four hours, and will assuredly do the business confided to him. Maritzburg is fifty-five miles from Durban, and an acquaintance told me that he had sent down a very large wedding-cake by a boy in twenty-four hours. "But if he had eaten it?" I asked. "His chief would very soon have eaten him," was the reply. . . . I was astonished to find at how much cheaper a rate he works than does the Kaffir in British Kaffraria or in the Cape Colony generally. . . . In truth, there is much of Zulu agricultural work done at a low rate of wages, and the custom of such work is increasing. As to other work—work in towns, work among stores, domestic work, carrying, carting, driving, cleaning horses, tending pigs, road-making, running messages, scavenging, hod-bearing and the like—the stranger is not long in Natal before he finds, not only that all such work is done by natives, but that there are hands to do it more ready and easy to find than in any other country that he has visited. . . .

Comfort in living depends not so much on the amount of good things which a man can afford to consume, but on the amount of good things which those with whom he lives will think he ought to consume. A man with a family, living on £400 a year, cannot entertain his friends very often either in London or in Pietermaritzburg; but of the two, hospitality is more within the reach of the latter. I

do not hesitate to say that a gentleman living with a wife and children on any income between £400 and £1,000 would feel less of the inconveniences of poverty in Natal than in England.

If these views were true then (and I think they were, for Trollope wrote with singular discrimination and impartiality), nearly twenty years ago, before the Zulu war, long before the gold-fields of Johannesburg had given an enduring spurt to every interest in Natal and doubled her white population, before even a rail was laid, they are assuredly much truer now. The cost of living has gone down; there has been an immense accession of every material comfort civilization can produce; and farmers have set to in earnest over their homesteads since the Zulu war removed the standing menace of the warlike natives. During the same period things have gone from bad to worse with the small country gentleman and the yeoman farmer at home.

With a full experience of Natal in its more developed state, and after a tour through Australia and the United States, Trollope's opinion in regard to the English gentleman with some family and from £400 to £1,000 a year seems to me amply true. Not only would such a man find himself presently in easier and more prosperous circumstances by removal to the highlands of Natal, but if at all adept in country pursuits, his is the class to find most advantage. It is a class not slightly represented already; a good many military men have married in Natal, and not a few have settled. The general farmer has most solid points in his favor there: a good and cheap soil in the district thoroughly well opened up, cheap, rough labor, reliable seasons and perennial streams, fluctuating, but on the whole, high-priced markets, in a rapidly progressive country. The European gardener or laborer class finds coolie competition cutting the ground from under him. Should he be lucky enough—as is extremely unlikely—to scrape together enough savings to buy any appreciable quantity of land,

he must live with a mortgage over him, in order to stock it or plant it. On the other hand, the very large capitalist would hardly be content to live continuously on his farm, and give to it an absorbing personal interest.

The youth who has enough to go on with, and will be given a little capital, has a good chance here, if he does not become too much addicted to polo, cricket, shooting, or other sports, very rife in the midlands. A somewhat wealthier man than Trollope indicated, if willing to remain on the spot, would gradually find vastly more advantageous uses for his savings than in England. One must assume the mistress of such a man's household to be moderately energetic, and not averse to taking close interest in household affairs, in a pleasant and healthy climate, and with a good supply of rough black servants, whose thoroughness, honesty, and reliability will well repay a little careful early handling.

By way of summarizing, it may be convenient to make some general comparison with such a country, say, as New Zealand, to name one of admitted charm, and with an immeasurable future. The following advantages seem to rest mainly on matters of fact rather than of opinion:—

First.—Natal is vastly nearer to England, a fact which for competitive export purposes, wool, bark, and many others to come, must in the long run tell. Visits home, summers in England, and education are easier and cheaper. On a few thousands the higher rate of interest—very nearly double—safely obtainable by one living on the spot, may be taken by itself to pay for the cost of a small family's visit home for six months every third summer. It is about one half of the distance from New Zealand, and is certainly one of the most temperate and fair-weather voyages in the world. The steamship lines to Natal—there is the same, and even a larger choice than to the Cape—both in quality and quantity, are, to say truth, far ahead of the apparent requirements of the country.

Secondly,, and mainly.—The Zulu

Kaffir, who counts in Natal ten to the white man's one, is, if fairly and wisely used, an absolutely incalculable boon. By general consent no pleasanter or more faithful servant can be desired, more wholesome in his habits, smarter, or more picturesque in his appearance than a good Zulu. And the better in rank the immigrant the more keenly will he appreciate this particular black man, and the resulting independence of white servants to a large extent; or, to put it otherwise, the better in rank the immigrant, the more keenly will he and his wife feel the want of such servants in other new countries. Both to the housewife and to the agriculturist that native—among all the motley black races of South Africa admittedly the first in quality—is in truth wholly indispensable, and an invaluable factor in the country's comfort.

Thirdly.—The soil is good, and very responsive, markedly so in regard to trees. Well-situated land—now at about £1 to £2 per acre for the freehold—seems cheaper than in any similarly opened-up country in the world. The veldt, or natural grass, itself a sweet but not very luxuriant pasture, requires no clearing whatever before ploughing the friable soil to plant with many of the most sterling products. Acacia-trees grow without trouble, from seed, ten to fifteen feet their first year, and more than five feet each subsequent year, making solid wood; their bark is largely exported for tanning. Certain gum-trees grow even faster, and are valuable for timber. Such extraordinary quick growth, which, in a less degree, applies to trees of all sorts—oaks, firs, weeping willows, etc.—is owing to a loose soil, and to the rainy season occurring throughout the summer months. Along the western side of South Africa the rains come entirely in the winter months. This difference is strongly marked and important.

By tree planting a landscape in Natal may be altered in from three to five years; and, with natives and oxen to plough, and from seed, the production of trees is extremely cheap, and, for those who can wait, profitable. One

eight hundred acre plantation of acacias, well cared for and in a good situation at thirty-seven hundred feet, is now, at three and a quarter years old, from seed, averaging thirty-five feet high; the wood, too, grows straight, heavy, and hard, till ten years old.

Fourthly.—The district under consideration being very wholesome and comely, and dotted by numerous railway stations, has rapidly become the most closely and best farmed district in Africa, excepting still perhaps a very few of the beautiful and much older Cape wine farms. It is held by a good class of farmers, about five to ten per cent. of whom are of gentle origin.

Fifthly.—The climate on the highest plateaus, at from thirty-six hundred to five thousand feet high, which I would alone strongly recommend to the northern European of average tastes, is at least equal to the excellent New Zealand climate, or indeed to any climate in the world, taking the whole year round. I have written as one who chances to be attached to the much abused English climate, and believes nothing, even in quite southern Africa, under three thousand feet to be justly comparable; but at about forty-five feet, especially on a seaward slope, I believe Natal to be even superior in climate for the vast majority of our race. Both winter and summer, at that height, are never much or long removed from our May and September, though more bracing; and there is a far wider area in Natal traversed by the railway and now well farmed at or above that altitude than is generally known.

Dr. Robson Roose, who recently had occasion to accompany an invalid relative to South Africa, has described in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* the splendid tonic properties of certain rather high parts of South Africa. So little known as yet, outside Natal, are her highlands that it was inevitable they should escape Dr. Roose. And yet in one important climatic point they far surpass the places he selects. At Kimberley and Aliwal North, places Dr. Roose praises, the variation betwixt winter and summer is extreme. At

Aliwal North the mean maximum temperature is 73.5° , the mean minimum 43.6° , a variation of just on 30° ; that is, even more than the English climate gives. Most of the summer is punishing by excessive heat, and the winter nights are very bitter; many cannot stand them. This place and Kimberley, which is similar, are situated in quite the centre of South Africa, many hundreds of miles removed from tempering ocean influences. The same altitudes in Natal, facing seawards, are much cooler in summer and not quite so bitter in winter. The variation is not more than half that at Aliwal North. In Natal over four thousand feet is reached fifty miles direct from the ocean, and that, coupled with the occurrence of the rains wholly in summer, gives the climate a much greater stability. True, in the high parts a white mist prevails much at night during summer, but it comes ozone-laden from the ocean, is aseptic, cool, and refreshing, and every highland farmer knows it to bring health to man, beast, and crop.

While South-Western Africa is hopelessly and terribly arid, South-Eastern Africa is well served for rainfall, averaging about forty inches; and upon it the energies of our race are concentrating. A day was devoted at the last Geographical Congress to the discussion, mainly among eminent explorers, of a problem which, to those who have studied the future of South Africa, must seem from one aspect fatuous. The discussion, though its title was slightly different, largely turned on this: whether *Tropical Africa* was suitable for European permanent colonization, for agriculture of one form or another, as opposed to mere temporary occupation, mineral snatching, and the like. But, meanwhile, *South Africa* is only now beginning to cry out for development in agriculture; its day has barely commenced to dawn; it is vast, and, in nine respects out of ten, in regard to comfort, health, and permanent profit, incomparably superior to any part of tropical Africa.

Of the very healthiest and most

vaunted spots in tropical Africa, it is urged that "there is but mild malaria." The truth is that in Central Africa, those who have not succumbed have thereby gained reputation largely by that very achievement, and though their voices are to-day much and honorably in the air, we cannot but remember that dead men tell no tales. The excitement of gold-mining, and the romantic interest and just importance attaching to exploration, to what is wholly new, have caught the mind of the public to the exclusion of any adequate appreciation of the older districts. People forget the immense difference implied in fifteen degrees of latitude, and to the contrast in present facilities; they are blind to the splendid opening-up effected by the numerous railways from the south.

Indeed the public have a quite inadequate sense of the difference between South Africa and southern tropical Africa. There is as much difference in latitude, and therefore in the power of the sun at similar altitudes, between the centre of Mashonaland and the southern part of Cape Colony, as there is between Rome and Moscow, or London and Iceland. South Africa is the most generally elevated part of the whole enormous continent; the hinterland at latitude 30°—the Cape Colony, Orange Free State, Basutoland, or Natal, a hundred miles from the coast—averages slightly higher than the hinterland at latitude 20° or 15°; and the average European likes all the height he can suitably attain even at the more temperate latitude. One is not concerned to bemoan especially Natal. Pondoland, for instance, the latest accession to civilization, is worth a hundred times a similar area within the tropics, for a permanent home for white races.

The development of South Africa is now progressing rapidly; but it is so vast a country in proportion to its population, and has been so long neglected that there is probably a hundred years of leeway to make up in order to place it in the splendid position to which, from its situation, climate, and

yet undeveloped fruitfulness, it is entitled and destined. While there remains around 30° S. latitude an immense choice of handy and cheap land, no more tropical or sub-tropical in climate than the Channel Islands, and where malaria is no more heard of than in England, it seems inhuman that any European should voluntarily punish himself, his family, his stock, by choosing, or being misdirected, to a tropical latitude.

Recently Natal has suffered, with other parts of South Africa, an invasion of locusts, the first in Natal for fifty years; there was one in the forties, which according to the old natives disappeared suddenly. These insects commonly thrive on dryness and heat. Natal with its heavy rains in summer, and keen frosts over a large part in winter, is unsuited by climate for a permanent home to them. Last summer being quite unusually hot and dry gave them an exceptional chance; but even so, of eggs laid in Natal four out of five have developed a fatal maggot, and the colder autumn rains are chilling the survivors. It is believed by experts that there must have lately occurred some failure of food supply in the ordinary habitat of the locust, or some prescience of heavy rains, to drive them so far south. While farmers have during the summer been grumbling at them, and at the apathy of each other, in the result several districts are reporting that the maize or "mealie" crop, one most sensitive to insects, may yet turn out a moderate one; while the sugar-crop, where the locust was thickest, has by exertion been quite successfully protected. Trees and grass, the pillars of the highlands, are little sensitive to them; an inch or two of grass soon repairs itself. Even should the locust, contrary to all past experience, survive in the Natal climate, the thick native and prosperous farming population is very capable of effective organization against them; and a temporary short fall of the mealie crop would force some of the immense latent supply of native labor into use.

EMILE M'MASTER.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

A Scotch coal-pit with its dismal approaches, its general grimy appearance, and its various unsavory fumes polluting the atmosphere for a great distance around, is not an interesting spectacle wherever seen. But a coal-pit situated in some parts of the Monkland district of Scotland, where often, so far as the eye can reach, it is surrounded by bleak, dismal moss-hags, studded here and there with equally bleak and dismal marshes, is, if it were possible, less inviting still. And from considerable experience of various mining districts among these grim storehouses of wealth, we are of opinion that, from a spectacular point of view, a Monkland pit is the least inviting and most depressing object to be found in the world. Yet it is wonderful what an amount of poetry may be found diffused over these bare, unlovely holes.

Alighting at some wayside station on the North British line you find yourself within a few paces of a wide waste of bog and heath, studded here and there with darker objects which are emitting columns of solid black smoke and white jets of steam, and, like little pygmies, striving to uplift themselves from this dreary slough of despond. Not a road is to be seen. Yonder is one of those pygmies, snorting and puffing like some outraged monster, engulfed and struggling to be free; but to reach it seems an impossibility.

By this time you have discovered it to be a pit-engine, and a road to it there must be somewhere. Then you perceive a little, narrow, straggling path, that looks like a sheep-pad, meandering in and out across a solid-seeming bog, jinking around little clumps of heather, and anon approaching the edge of a water-hole where you lose it, to pick it up again on the opposite side with a gap of six or seven feet between. Thus, with sundry slips and jumps you near the object of your search, the Pee-weep Pit. It got its name from the lapwings, whose despairing cry of *pee-e-weet, pee-e-weet, pee-e-weet*, morning,

noon, and night, has earned for them among the peasantry the name of Pee-weep. This dismal spot seems to have been the original home of that migratory bird, for it could be seen at all hours of the day here, and at all seasons of the year, in great numbers. There is the pit, in the middle of the moss, with its engines puffing and blowing, grinding and squeaking during the livelong day and all through the night; and round it circle the birds, adding their voices to the unending noise, *pee-e-weet, pee-e-weet, pee-e-weet*, with the same monotonous persistency.

It seems strange to name a coal-pit, a large deep hole in the bog with its engines, machinery, housing, and framework, after an insignificant bird. But our English language has from time immemorial in this way been added to, and in large measure built up by words coined to express sound, situation, and environment. In this locality will be found many villages with names, suggestive of their position and surroundings, derived from their location. For example, there is the village of Green Dyke. The first house of this village was built on the site of a large ditch, or dyke, overgrown with green grass, a veritable oasis in the wide, dreary waste of black bog. This, then, was an apt, and at the same time sufficiently expressive designation for the new village.

Again we have another considerable village with the expressive appellation of Courie-Bend. We can remember when there was no sign of human habitation on the spot. The position is the highest and most unprotected on this table-land of heath; and when the wild winter wind comes sweeping down from off the snow-clad Lead Hills some miles away, woe betide the unlucky wayfarer, for there is neither shelter nor protection from the pitiless blast. His only resource was to cower down behind the largest bush of heather within reach, and secure what shelter it might afford until the storm passed. It must be borne in mind that he could not squat on the ground, or lie down on the spongy heath, or he would have

been immediately immersed in the sap of the bog and soaked through with another freezing mixture. He assumed first the position known as *hunkering*, that is, squatting on the heels, without allowing the knees to touch the ground; then, if you drop your head between the knees, you know what it is to *courie*, which is, in effect, to crouch or cower. On the spot where cowering was the only refuge in a Monkland storm we have now the flourishing mining village of Courie-Bend.

Yet again we have another village of considerable importance known as Blaw Dreary. When the miners first pitched their tents on this abomination of desolation, they were much disturbed by the peculiar sounds made by the wind blowing through a small belt of trees near by. Their origin was simple enough. For nearly thirty miles south, east, and west there was no shelter from the wind blowing from those quarters. When a storm tore down from the Lead Hills over the bleak moorland it beat full on this narrow belt of trees to the north. The timber was sparse and thin, and not sufficient to stem the force of the blast, which swept through the little clump, screaming among the branches, whistling in the hedge-rows, and rushing on unchecked in its mad career to the valley below. These sounds, so unlike anything in the previous experience of these simple miners, stirred their superstitious imaginations, and left them with a feeling of loneliness that they were unable to shake off. Hence came the poetical designation of the young village built on that spot, Blaw Dreary.

It is difficult, even for the most adroit artists in words, to interpret or explain the Scotch idiom. In our native vernacular it is very expressive, according to our own notions the most expressive in the world; but we have often felt that, by the time it was properly translated and rendered into intelligible English, all the poetry had gone out of it. But the Southron has of late years been made sufficiently acquainted with Scotch literature and the Scotch dialect to enable him, if not altogether to catch

the real meaning, at all events to grasp something of the sense of the expression. Even with these explanations of the inhospitaleness of this dreary and uncomfortable region it will doubtless be still difficult for him to realize the great deeds of heroism and devotion performed here day by day, week in and week out, all the year round, by these simple and superstitious people. Yet we hesitate not to say that in these bleak fastnesses we have witnessed deeds equal to any of those for which medals, crosses, and ribands are bestowed; acts of nobleness and true valor performed while engaged in the unromantic pursuit of their daily bread, and never known or spoken of outside their own narrow sphere. And it may be added that such deeds are so common among these men that but little notice is taken of them, except in some extraordinary cases of desperation and excitement.

Let us take a morning in the dead of winter on this wild, storm-swept morass; a poor shivering wretch crawling across wet moss, wading through dripping heather, stemming sleet and snow, which penetrates every crevice and cranny of his wrappings, jumping over some bog-holes and tumbling into others. After half an hour or so of this cheerful work he arrives at the pit-head where a large fire-lamp stands full of blazing coals, at which he proceeds to dry his dripping garments. It is not yet six o'clock in the morning. The pumping-engine is booming and thumping as if every pulsation were to be her last. Her gear rattles and clatters, and her exhaust-pipe puffs and snorts in high dudgeon as if something past the ordinary were on hand. Our pitman here is the pump-doctor, or the one who looks after the pumps which drain the mine and keep the coal-workings dry. His practised ear detects, by the convulsive swish of the water at the delivery-box, and by the movements of the machinery, that everything in his institution is not right.

In the midst of his drying operations he becomes disturbed at the continuance of these suspicious sounds, and,

only half clothed, quietly paces over to the pump-head. Arriving there he whistles shrilly to himself, and remarks in an undertone, "Everything's not right here this morning, I doubt. I say, Geordie [crying to the engine-man], when did this take place?"¹

"About half an hour since, Robin, lad. She [the engine] was going right steady all night until about a quarter after five, when all at once I noticed a difference in the weight of water being delivered, and, says I to myself, something's up; I wish Robin was here."

"There's no time to put off, Geordie. Here's Dan, the pit-head man. Give me up the bottom cage and I'll go down and see the trouble."

It will be as well that we should explain here that at a pumping-pit there are usually two engines on the bank, or surface of the shaft; one for raising the coal and taking the men to and from the coal-seam, and one for pumping the water out of the workings of the mine. The usual form of shaft in Scotland, till recent years, was oblong, measuring twelve feet long by six feet wide inside the timber, and, as in this case and in all pumping-shafts, the longitudinal space was divided into three compartments, measuring about six feet by four feet each. One of the end compartments is always taken up with the pumps; and the other two are occupied by the cages for raising the minerals. In a position of rest one cage stands at the bottom of the shaft and the other at the top. When work is to be resumed in the morning the winding engine (the engine for raising the cages), under the supervision of the pit-head man and pump-doctor, makes one journey up and down the shaft with the cage, thus putting the one that had been at the top down to the bottom, and the one which had been at the bottom up to the top. It is thus ensured that no obstruction is in the shaft on either

side, and that the cages can pass up and down freely.

While these preliminaries are going forward the doctor and the pit-head man are listening, with every sense tautly strung, to discern, by the variation in the sounds of the descending and ascending cages, whether anything is wrong in the shaft, and what the nature of the trouble is. The engine-man is also alert, and on this occasion, instead of throwing his engine into gear, he *hands* it every turn so as to be ready for any emergency. While the cages are being thus manipulated, the doctor gazes intently down into the darkness into which the top cage has sunk, as if he could see anything in that awful pitchiness. All at once his ear detects something, and, with a short, sharp cry of *halt!* the engine suddenly stops with a convulsive gasp.

"Back her a wee bit, Geordie." "All right, Robin." "Halt, there, Geordie," the doctor shouts. "Done, Robin," and the engine grunts and again stops.

"A joint has blown, Geordie, and the half of our water is going back into the shank. Bring up the down cage, and I'll see what can be done to stop it before the men go down."

Robin proceeds to array himself in his professional habiliments. First he dons a large leatheren helmet with a broad, deep flap behind to run the water far down the wearer's back. This head-gear is built on utilitarian principles. It is constructed with a high, stiff crown so as to resist the impact of falling stones and other rubbish which too often, through carelessness, goes hurtling into the shaft, always maiming and often killing outright the unprotected wight on whom they may fall. We have witnessed a stone fall into a shaft, crush through timber six inches thick, strike a man on the head with this covering on, and absolutely prostrate him. Taking him up for dead we discovered he was only slightly stunned; but the hat was knocked down over his face with the brim resting on his shoulders all round. If this stone had struck his unprotected head, his skull must have been smashed like

¹ Despite the apparent popularity of what has aptly been called "kail-yard literature" we shall, perhaps, best consult the convenience of the majority of our readers by employing the English form of speech.

matcnewood. Add to this article of wear a large stiff leathern sheet which is thrown over the shoulders and under the flap of the hat, running the water clear off the head and back, and you have one of the queerest spectacles that ever met the uninitiated eye. When dressed in this way, and considered from a back view, the pump-doctor appears like a huge black turtle standing on his hind legs. The wonder is that a man can do any work at all in such a garb; but much hard and dangerous work is done in it.

On the arrival of the cage Robin steps thereon, holding in his hand a blazing lamp, or torch, protected by a shield of tin on the top, and, with a "Down slowly, Geordie, lad," he descends into the abyss. After a few minutes of careful engineering by Geordie, a resounding "Halt!" comes up from the depths, which is repeated by the pit-head man on guard at the top, and the engine stops. Looking down the long shaft (three hundred feet deep to where the damage is, and below that again two hundred and fifty feet more to the water sump or lodgement) you can, by the flare of Robin's lamp, see the water in a solid sheet scattering all about him, disclosing something more serious than was at first anticipated. After a careful examination the long-drawn order from below comes, "Heave up," which again is repeated by the dutiful pit-head man who has been carefully scrutinizing all the movements in the shaft; and forthwith the engine revolves and up comes the cage with its human freight.

"There'll be no coal-raising the day, boys," gravely remarks the doctor, who is seen to be dripping with water. "We'll have to take out a pipe, and put in a new one. A piece of the flange, carrying with it a piece of the body of the pipe, has burst off. Who'll run for the manager? He had better know; we can get all the tackle ready for him coming."

"I'll tell him, if ye like, Robin; I go near by," said a strapping young collier.

"Oh, ay, Tom, just do that; and ye'll see the maid at the same time. Ye'll

kill two birds with the one stone anyway. And, Tom, go down and tell Master John [the assistant manager]. This is a job he'd like to see. He'll learn some of his trade here, I'll warrant."

"Ah right," responds Tom, and off he goes, whistling in the darkness, joyfully contemplating the prospect of a chat with the manager's pretty maid.

Many things must be done ere everything is ready for the great operation of changing pipes. It is not only a particular feat of engineering, but it is a peculiarly hazardous one as well, as the sequel will show. About this pit every necessary tool was kept in readiness. Every implement was in its place, and many of the preliminaries could be accomplished ere the manager and his young assistant would be on the ground to superintend the work. Owing to the arrangement of the pipes it was always necessary to remove both cages, and substitute one of them by a hanging scaffold. The cage on the top was unhooked, and the rope suspending withdrawn into the engine-drum and secured. The cage at the bottom was next brought up to the surface, and taken off as well. While this was being done the manager, his assistant, and the mechanics arrived, and were made acquainted with the situation. Mr. Watt, the manager, was of a rather kindly disposition outside his duties, but in the midst of them was apt to exhibit lively traces of temper. He knew his work, and saw at a glance that no blame could be attached to any one for the accident. Nevertheless the disappointment and loss of work caused him much uneasiness, and he showed immediate signs of testiness. He gave out the order that the broken pipe must be replaced by a whole one before two o'clock in the afternoon, or he would require to know the reason why. Turning to his assistant he observed: "Now, John, this is a simple but rather dangerous job. I have the utmost confidence in your caution and good judgment, and if you use these well I have no fear for the result. You know what is required; every one of the ropes is in

your hand. Proceed, and pull them well. Let me suggest before I leave, as I must go to the other pits and arrange for our coal-supply, that, after you have withdrawn your pump-rods, you suspend your column of pipes by the largest and strongest of the two screws we have, and raise them just as much as will allow you to take out the broken pipe. When that is done, have it taken to bank, and your new one taken down and put in its place. Be at hand yourself, and see it well and wisely done."

"All right, Mr. Watt, I think we can manage it," replied the assistant.

The manager had left, and the scaffold was being suspended to the rope attached to the engine, when the assistant gave directions that stronger chains should be attached to the scaffold and engine rope. The doctor observed, "Those chains, Master John, would lift a house."

"No matter; we have stronger ones, Robin; and as there are four or five men's lives to be jeopardized, it is right we should carry out the manager's instructions, and make all secure. You know the old Scotch proverb, Robin: better tae haud weel than *mak* weel. Besides, this is a dangerous job all round, and I confess I am a little uneasy."

"Have no fear, sir. We'll make all right and tight ere we're done with it."

"I have no fear of that, Robin, but let us go the safest way about it."

"Ah, well, Sir John, your way be it."

The scaffold was soon brought forward. It consisted of a number of two-inch planks bound together and properly framed, with three bars of the same thickness, nailed and bolted to the bottom, holding all together. Four chains from each corner, about twenty feet each in length, were brought together in a ring and muzzle, and securely attached to the engine-rope. This rope consisted of strands of steel wire, and was about one inch thick. Small as it was, it was tested to stand a strain of many tons. When suspended, the scaffold fitted the space in the shaft exactly, and afforded plenty of freedom

to move about on. Of necessity there was no protection overhead, and the open shaft yawned above, with the inevitable risk of tools, or missiles of some kind, dropping on the top of those below. Everything was now in readiness; the pump-rods were withdrawn, the crane-chain ready to lift out the broken pipe and lower the new one, the large screw in position, and everything ready to raise the column of pipes the necessary distance. All now sat down to breakfast, before the main operation was begun. Just as the work was about to be renewed, the manager came up, and seemed satisfied with what had been done. He had felt very anxious, he said, after leaving them, and, hurrying over his rounds, was now free to join in the work.

The manager, assistant, and doctor were the first to descend, to have a joint view of the damage, and to decide on the best means of removing the broken pipe. After the final instructions had been given, the scaffold was raised, and the manager himself elected to superintend operations on the surface; while his assistant, the doctor, and three other men, were told off for the work in the shaft. All the necessary tools were put on the scaffold, and the five men descended to their place, three hundred feet down, with a gulf of two hundred and fifty feet more below. After about one hour's hard twisting and turning and toiling, the broken pipe was ready to be lifted out. Signals were sent up to lower the crane-chain for raising the pipe, and in due course the chain was lowered to its position. The first stage of the really dangerous part of the operations was now reached. This danger may be realized when we say that the pipe, now swinging above the heads of the five men in the open shaft, weighed a ton and a half.

A slip of a man at the crane, a defective link in the chain, and all would be over with the human souls below. Slowly rises the mass, steadied by the watchful hand of the manager. Every few seconds he spoke a sentence of encouragement to the four men at the

crane, who were all as keenly alive to the responsibility of their efforts as he was. Up and up the mass came, the manager ever and anon gazing down into the pit, in quest of what seemed the long looked-for danger. "Here she comes," he gasps. "Keep at it, lads, and we have her out." Meantime the assistant-manager and his comrades were staring up into the little speck of light, none daring to speak, until they saw the fearful object drawn out of the pit. Then with a fervent "Thank God!" the signal was given to raise the scaffold to the surface, where opinions could be exchanged on the position.

Half an hour was spent in resting and watching the preliminaries going forward for the lowering of the new pump, when the manager intimated he would go down and have a look at the arrangements below. A very few minutes sufficed to show him that all was as it should be there. On his return to the surface, the assistant and his four men now prepared to descend, to receive the new pipe. Down they went slowly, to enable them to examine the state of the supports of the suspended pumps, and to discover if anything were required to ensure absolute safety. Little supports were added here and there, and ultimately they reached their position. After all the tools had been arranged, the signal was given by the assistant to lower the new pipe.

Before the pipe was raised from the ground, the manager enjoined the four men at the crane to be cool and careful, adding that it was much more dangerous to lower a pipe by hand than to raise one, for in the latter case the weight got less as the chain came in, but in the former case the weight increased as the chain went out. With these admonitions he directed them to prepare to raise the pipe for lowering it into the shaft, giving a last glance at the fastenings. "Heave up, boys," he said; and up went the pipe, the manager with his own hands steadyng it into the shaft. "Lower slowly and steadily now; and for God's sake, men, keep your heads."

Not a word was spoken in response,

but each man planted his foot firmly in front of him, set his teeth, and bent to the perilous work before him. Down, down, went the ton and half of metal, soon adding to its weight by the increasing length of chain. Steady goes the crane, every inch it traverses making the strain heavier. To the men in the shaft, four of whom were stationed at the corners of the scaffold grasping the suspending chains, with the assistant at one side, the huge object, twisting and turning far up over their heads, seemed scarcely to be moving. Nearer and nearer it came however, while an unearthly silence reigned over all, broken only by the continuous drip of water below. When it must have been at least thirty yards off, those looking up to it saw it give a sudden plunge downward. There was a fearful scream, a roar as of approaching thunder, a crash, and an upheaval—a catastrophe that no pen can hope to describe. The thundering noise seemed to last an age; but with a convulsive sob the displaced air rushed back to fill the place it had been so rudely forced from, and all wafted back into silence.

How did it fare on the pit-head? Bodies of men were lying about in confusion, with machinery and timber in hopeless disorder. Mr. Watt, frantically rushing hither and thither, encouraged the pale-faced men to bestir themselves. He had no thought that help could be of any service for those below: they must surely all be dead men: "Help," he cried, "and save those who can be saved!" But just as he, and two others who were also unhurt, had begun to succor the wounded, the engine-man, who had been dutifully grasping the lever of the engine, yelled out: "There are some living in the shaft. I found a movement on the hand here!"

At this the manager ran to the shaft, and, drawing a full deep breath to fill his lungs, shouted down desparingly, *Hallo-o-o!* To his astonishment he was immediately answered, although faintly, by more than one voice. His unerring judgment with a flash convinced him that the scaffold, or some

part of it, must be intact. It would be impossible for any one to fall to the bottom and live; and even if it were possible, he could not have been heard from that distance.

"Heave up, Geordie, but slowly at first. For God's sake be careful!"

On the instant the engine began to move, and in the shortest possible time the broken scaffold appeared above the surface with a man clinging to each chain. As they were helped from their perilous position, the manager eagerly asked, "Where is John?" Each shook his head; no one could tell. But every one of the four who had been providentially rescued from the very jaws of death, and whose nerves were strung to a state of high excitement, hustled about, instinctively securing articles of help, and, without exchanging words, making every preparation to join in the immediate recovery of their lost companion. No orders had now to be given; all were eager to assist in the rescue of the young fellow who was in the depths below, or to recover his shattered remains. Where all are heroes, no one need show the way of duty and humanity.

Lamps were lit by some; others tore the remains of the broken scaffold from the fastenings which kept it entangled with the engine-rope. Meantime helpers were crowding round, and the injured men on the surface were being attended to, of whom two, alas, were already dead. The staid and taciturn doctor had speedily converted a small piece of tough rope into a loop; and, quicker than it takes to relate the incident, he and his companion, Will Grieve, a general and handy man (one of the four) had thrown aside their helmets and leathern back-pieces, and donned close-fitting cloth caps crushed down tightly on their heads, into the front of which they stuck their flaming torches, thus leaving their han's free and their whole persons totally unhampered. Both simultaneously grasp the now freed engine-rope, each passing a leg into the loop the doctor had made, from opposite directions for a better balance; and then they swing them-

selves free over the dreadful gulf, crying, "Down, Geordie, quick, lad!" Thus voluntarily these brave men hang in the immediate presence of God over this chasm of eternity, loyally returning into the valley of the shadow of death, from which they had only a few seconds before been delivered as if by the hand of Omnipotence, to rescue, if possible, a fellow-being, or to recover the shattered and wrecked tenement of a human soul.

Now, with a whish and a whirr they descend into the awful abyss; and with a fervent *God speed ye!* from a number of pale-faced men standing around, they disappear. Down they go, and these two eager souls thought the descent would never come to an end. When nearing the spot where the accident had happened the engine was slowed and they proceeded more leisurely. The doctor was the first to recover his breath, and he cried downwards, *Hallo, there!* and was immediately answered by a shout from above. And with this the engine stopped.

A large crowd had now gathered round the mouth of the pit, the news of these terrible events spreading like wildfire over the land; and there was not, we make bold to say, a man there who would not have gone as willingly down that shaft on the same errand as the doctor and his companion. But their services were not yet required, though no one could say how soon they might be. Notwithstanding the excitement a solemn quiet reigned over all; nothing could be heard except the muffled and stealthy whirr of the machinery and the regular panting of the engine.

And now the manager, and some others who were leaning over the shaft, heard away down in the darkness a faint sound of voices hallooing some one yet afar off. "Merciful God," cried the manager, "John is alive!" The news was received with a muffled cheer at once suppressed. Then up out of the depths came a cry, with a ring of eager joy in it that made it heard plainer and distincter than ever cry was heard from that distance before: "Down to the bot-

tom?" The cry was repeated by Mr. Watt, and down slipped the rope again until it gradually came to a standstill altogether.

"What's that you stop for, George?" cried the manager. "I'm at the door-head now, sir." "Is the water up, and do you feel them touch it?" "No, Mr. Watt; but if I go farther with them I fear I'll put them in the water." But old Bob Glen, a worker in this pit with fifty-six years' experience of mining, reassured them all. "Never fear, Mr. Watt," he said. "If Geordie has them at the door-head they're safe, for the water will have to fill up all the lower workings in the dook, ere it can rise above the pavement."

At this moment the bell rang *one*, and then *two*, and many began crying with joy. "The God of Israel is with us," exclaimed an old Cameronian, "as she hangs the third stroke."

"Geordie, lad, that must be somebody else in the bottom than Robin or Will," eagerly observed the manager.

"Yes, sir; I never found any of the two lads leave the rope, and I'll warrant them eight or ten feet from the bottom yet," observed Geordie. "But down they go now, sir;" and with that the engine turned, and the uplifted hammer struck the bell, and the engine stood.

As each of the two men left the rope on reaching the bottom, Geordie announced the fact from the engine-house. After a painful, and what seemed a most prolonged pause, he notified that one individual was again on the rope, and before he had finished speaking all could see it shaking. At that instant one clear stroke of the bell, heard above the excited hum of two hundred hoarse voices, rang out, and the engine, after a preliminary snort, bent to its work and proceeded to gather home the rope with swift and steady motion.

Peering down into the shaft the manager could now see the glare of the light, but whether there was more than one lamp he could not yet make out. Soon it was manifest that there was only one, and all were convinced that the other was keeping company with

the rescued man until further help was secured. In the midst of hope we are in fear; the sight of this solitary lamp created the suspicion that the assistant was either dead or so injured that fresh help was needed to bring him to the surface. While the crowd was convulsed with this suspicion the ascending cage reached the surface, and a dozen hands clutched the rope and the rescuer Grieve. His white but joyful face told the glad tale. "Is the lad safe, Will?" asked the manager. "He is safe and sound, but a bit dazed," was the answer, and a great shout rent the air. In the midst of the commotion Grieve was heard asking: "Where's the big barrel?" "Put on the cage, Will," cried the manager. "No, sir, two or three slides are out of their places, and the big barrel is the best. The cage wouldn't go down handy."

And now, while they get the barrel ready, let us return to the bottom of the pit. The engine, we know, had stopped with the shout from the top of the shaft. But there was another shout from below, which made the hearts of each of the rescuers to leap with joy. "Down to the bottom!" shouted the doctor; instantly the engineman responded and down the two were lowered. Just immediately over the bottom and at the door-head (the space forming the gallery off the end of the shaft), the engineman stopped the downward movement, reckoning that the water (because of the stoppage of the pumps) would have already risen to this point and barred their progress. When in this position the doctor again spoke, and was instantly answered by the assistant-manager from immediately beside them.

"Merciful Heaven, Master John, are you safe and all right?"

"I am safe, Robin, thank God! What about the others? Are they safe?"

"We're all right. Can you ring the bell, Master John, and get them to lower us down beside you?"

The assistant-manager up till now being absolutely bewildered, and having lost his direction in the dark, was unable to find the signal-handle. By

the aid of his rescuers' lights, however, he soon recovered his locality, and grasping the bell-handle gave two pulls, which was the signal to lower the rope further. Down came the men and they were helped to the bottom pavement by the assistant's free hand. So soon as they reached this spot the hammer fell on the bell for the third time, and the machinery came to an immediate stand-still. Robin and his companion were speedily disentangled from their loop of rope and were at the side of their companion.

"Are you hurt, sir?" asked Robin.

"I don't think I'm much hurt, Robin; but, man, that was a terrible business. What went wrong?"

"Oh, I don't know, Master John. But we needn't talk now about that. We must get you out of this, anyway. You can't go up in that rope I doubt, sir."

"Right well enough, Robin. You came down in it, and I can go up in it all right."

"Ah, sir, but you're looking ill, and we'll not risk it. It takes a good tight hand to hold on there, I tell you. Will, can you go up and get on the cage and come down with it?"

"I can, and will, Robin; but I doubt the cage will do, for as we were coming down I noticed two or three slides knocked out of their places. I'll get the big sinking-barrel and bring that down."

"All right, Will. Go on, lad, and come down with all speed, and take the lad out of this."

"But, Robin," asked the assistant-manager, "is there any one hurt? What is the meaning of all this? I fear I am getting bewildered again."

"Cheer up, Master John. We'll be out of here soon now. Will's ready to go up for the barrel."

"Tell me first, Robin; is there any one hurt?"

"There is, I fear, sir; I think I noticed them looking after somebody when I was on the pit-head; but I was over hurried to see about you to take much notice of anything else."

Meanwhile all was bustle at the pit-head getting the big barrel ready.

"Out with the barrel, boys," and in the shortest space of time a large iron-bound barrel, weighing over half a ton, was brought from under the engine-house and hooked on to the end of the winding rope. "Stop you here, Will. You have had enough excitement and done nobly. I'll go down; who will volunteer to help?" cried the manager. A perfect chorus of voices answered. "Only one man can go. Come you here, Burns. You're brave and strong, and not likely to lose your head with too much sentiment." This was spoken to a sullen, stolid-looking man who had method in every movement. "Come on, Burns. I am a little out of sorts and your coolness will help to steady me." In another instant the barrel with the two men in it descended from view, while the crowd sat quietly down to wait events. On reaching the bottom Mr. Watt rushed to his young assistant with his eyes full of tears; and these two staid and stolid Scotchmen blubbered in each other's arms like two affectionate children. Robin, honest fellow, blew his nose manfully; but all to no purpose. "It's coming on me, friends," he gasped; and he fell to with the others. He was the first, however, to recover himself with the shrewd remark: "If we don't get out of here, we'll have more and worse of it before long." This roused the others, and a few minutes brought the barrel and its human freight to the surface. Master John was assisted out by a score of hands, while the rest crowded round with streaming eyes to congratulate him on his providential and miraculous escape, as one old Cameronian dame piously expressed it.

After some slight refreshment and a change of dry garments for his soaking wet ones, Master John was able to walk home. It was with pain he then learned the sad cause of the accident and its terrible result. It seems that one man at the handle of the crane, who looked the picture of strength and health, had, during the strain of lowering the heavy pipe, given way suddenly; the rest were overpowered; the revolving handle hit one man on the

head killing him instantly, and scattering the others in all directions. The chain paid out to the end, snapping the last link; and flying over the wheel got entangled in the framework, dragging everything before it, until the pipe, reaching the bottom of the pit, relieved the strain, and it hung suspended the whole length of the shaft. If the chain had not been thus caught, every soul below must have been killed. A fresh relay of men from the other pits were brought in, and the accident was repaired and the pumps put to rights within the next twelve hours.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE NOVELS OF JOHN GALT.¹

Mr. Crockett was very happily inspired when he suggested a reissue of the best of Galt's novels to the publishers, and they on their part have done full justice to the suggestion in an edition which is at once beautiful in form and moderate in price. To the readers of "Maga" especially, the appearance of this new edition ought to be of interest. Three generations now have been winnowing the sixty volumes—the plays and tales and essays innumerable—which were Galt's literary output, until there are left only the six novels reissued here, and perhaps "Lawrie Todd;" and most of these appeared in the pages of the "Magazine," or at any rate had its friendly send-off. And that is not all. At a distance of eighty years it may be allowable for us to recall that it was the editor of "Maga" who discovered for the hither-and-thither writer his true province, and confirmed him in it. "It is due to Mr. Blackwood," Galt wrote, "to ascribe to him the peculiarities of that production [The Annals]; for although unacquainted with 'The Annals of the Parish,' his recep-

tion of my first contribution to his 'Magazine' of 'The Ayrshire Legatees' encouraged me to proceed with the manner in which it is composed, and thus, if there is any originality in my Scottish class of composition, he is entitled to be the first person who discovered it." In this reissue, therefore, and in the interest it has aroused, there is something in the nature of a compliment to an old friend, at once pleasing to our knowledge of his worth and gratifying to our judgment in the early recognition of it.

It is not to those who feel thus, however,—they did not need the revival,—but to the present generation, which assuredly knew not its Galt, that this edition has given so great a delight. A great delight and a great surprise! To the generation of to-day, unacquainted with the literature its fathers read, the discovery by the inimitable art of Mr. Barrie of the humor and pathos of life in Lowland Scotland seemed a new discovery, for prose at any rate. And thus to some the existence of Galt's earlier picture of the same life has come as a surprise, disconcerting them, as if a personal loyalty to the modern Scottish novelist were at stake in this claim of the earlier; and the "Annals" and the "Provost" have become a kind of a challenge, inciting some to lower their estimate of the modern work, and others to pitch it still higher, all apparently agreeing to seek in old and new a similarity, where in truth there is no similarity, but only a want of it. From that endeavor no knowledge of Galt at least can come. The uses of this comparison, which the fashion of the moment forces upon us now, if it has any uses at all, lie in its leading us to discriminate between his range and their range, between his attitude and method and theirs, the better to appreciate how wide is the difference between them.

It is in their range, first and chiefly, that we must look for the difference. This edition of Galt, fixing, as we may hold, the verdict of eighty years,

¹ Works of John Galt. Edited by D. S. Mel drum. With Introductions by S. R. Crockett; and with a Portrait, and Illustrations by John Wallace. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1895-96.

determines his place among our great novelists. It is an inadequate estimate of Galt, however, which considers him as a novelist merely, or as performing merely the ordinary functions of a novelist. Galt was far more, did far more. He was more than the chronicler of the various humors, civil and parochial, of the Scots Renaissance in the second half of the eighteenth century. He was its historian also.

If we are to understand all that is contained in this claim for Galt, the Renaissance itself must be understood. Its nature and extent have been strangely overlooked. With the Union, England brought to the Scots ideas and opportunities necessary for their further progress and development. These ideas, of course, afforded no new motive power to England, to whom they had long been familiar. And thus it was for Scotland alone (when she accepted them) that they were fresh and vivifying influences. Their effect, in bringing her into line with England, was to render their own workings of merely local interest, to be passed over by the historian whose business was a United Kingdom now. But the historian of Scotland cannot pass them over so. For here in Scotland, long before the general quickening of thought by the French Revolution, was a great national development; not a great spiritual Renaissance like that other, indeed, but one of far more importance to the people immediately concerned.

Consider the condition of Scotland in the middle of the eighteenth century. One has only to read Johnson's "Journey to the Hebrides" or Fullarton's "Agricultural Survey" to see that she had no commerce, no agriculture, as we understand them now. The pools of her social life lay, as they had lain for a century, undisturbed save for the sounds of war and rebellion that echoed over them. But in the second half of the century all was changed. The stagnant waters were stirred. Great tides of energy moved them. Capital, and the enterprise to use capital, both lying idle through the cessation of American trade during the War of Independence,

were given the outlet now for which they had been waiting, by the mechanical inventions of a Compton, a Hargreaves, an Arkwright. Estates, grown wildernesses, passed out of the hands of decrepit families into those of new men with money and energy to work them. And the change was not material only—or, at least, the material change made a way for the aspirations which poverty had so long held back. The education which Scotland had enjoyed for generations found opportunity of action now; now was laid the democratic basis of Scottish literature which allowed the material development, so to speak, of a Hogg, a Leyden, a Carlyle. The people, conscious of a new independence, flung their arms wide to face the world; so that Burns, though he was not made by his environment, at least consortcd with it, and is not to be considered, as most will have it, as a remarkable appearance in his generation, but rather as its fullest expression, a man who in the new relief rose with a great bound, his own spontaneity itself the reflection of the national wonder at the lifting of the horizon. Scotland was revivified. In it, years before the French Revolution, the true battle-cry of that Revolution, as many think, was sounded—*La carrière ouverte aux talents!* As Mr. Balwhidder says, "A new genius, as it were, had descended on the earth, and there was an erect and outlookng spirit abroad that was not to be satisfied with the taciturn regularity of ancient affairs."

"As Mr. Balwhidder says,"—therein is the claim for Galt. For Micah Balwhidder and Provost Pawkle are the true chroniclers of all these changes and transmutations. Of the great Renaissance, the pulses of which we hear beating in Scotland still, Galt is the only, and a very adequate, historian.

Observation, a very genius of observation as we shall hope to show, was the root-quality of his work, as a historian no less than as a novelist. Apart from this gift of observation, however, there were conditions in his life which fitted him to be the historian

of the Scotland of this Renaissance. He was at once of it and outside of it. He was born in 1779 and died in 1839, and these dates may be taken generally as the limits of the Renaissance period. And he was a true product of his country, typical of his times. The new energy that was throbbing in his country was throbbing in him. His life, as we know it, was an unceasing endeavor. Rhyming, music, mechanism, antiquarian research, volunteering, the bar, commerce, literature, colonization,—there was no region of knowledge or accomplishment that he did not enter upon, master to some extent, write about voluminously. There is a passage in the "Autobiography" which illustrates this singular energy of mind:—

I was a sort of a fisher [he writes of his youth], but never distinguished. The scene of my reveries was a considerable stream in the moors behind the mountains above the town. It has since been brought round the shoulder of the hill, and being dammed up, it now by a canal gives to the town a valuable water-power. Among my fishing dreams, this very improvement, in a different manner, was one of the earliest. I brought forth to myself a notable plan—no other than to tunnel the mountain by the drain and lead it into the Shaws Water—for exactly the same purpose as the canal has since been executed. . . .

In the Firth, opposite to Greenock, there is a large sandbank often dry at low water. When it was proposed to enlarge this harbor it occurred to me that this bank might be converted into land, and I have still very cheap and feasible plan for gradually doing it, but unfortunately the bank belonged to the crown, and was too sacred to be improved. In contriving schemes such as these my youth was spent, but they were all of too grand a calibre to obtain any attention, and I doubt if there yet be any one among my contemporaries capable of appreciating their importance.

There, was Galt running over with the new energy that filled Scotland. On the other hand, he spent the greater part of his life out of Scotland, travelling

widely, mixing with men and women of all degrees, watching in their established order those great forces which in his own country were intermittent, still, and uncontrolled. And thus he came to look upon Scotland from without also, with an eye trained to note change and the causes of change.

The Scotland of the Scottish writers of to-day is a Scotland nearer to us than Galt's; nevertheless, it is one far removed. And far removed in spirit rather than in time. It would be true in a sense to say of Mr. Barrie that he is of the Auld Lichts himself, learned in their ways and beliefs; but the world of Thrums is not to him what Gudetown and Dalmailing were to Galt. Gudetown and Dalmailing Galt had seen, and what we see of them is the dead-sure result of his observation. Not so the Thrums of the "Auld Licht Idylls," to Mr. Barrie or to us. It has passed away; the generation that can remember it has passed away also; and what of it has been rescued for us is the fragments of that generation's reminiscences of it, restored and transmuted by Mr. Barrie's art. So, with the other Scottish writers: their Scotland is a Scotland seen through the glass of pathetic and humorous reminiscence.

And here let us note, always as throwing light on Galt's range, that the present-day writers see their Scotland through still another glass, the spiritually idealizing glass through which their readers demand that they shall look. For the modern novel of Scottish life has been, to a great extent, the manufacture and the property of a religious public; not wholly,—the genius and art of Mr. Barrie have compelled a recognition far beyond it,—but to an extent that has influenced it greatly. That religious public must not be taken to represent religious Scotland, as the English reader may be led by the "Bonnie Brier Bush" to believe. But the true stream of religious life in Scotland is lost to-day in the waters of "Kirkiness"—and drumlimer waters never were; and at the bidding of this too powerful religiosity, many of the

modern writers have ignored something in Scottish life as real and characteristic in our day as in Galt's or in Dunbar's: a materialism, an animalism, not entirely ignoble, but to be transformed by this spiritual emotion with which some present writers so wholly concern themselves that with them it becomes akin to the fugitive and cloistered virtue that aroused the grave and lofty scorn of Milton. And in this way, in the picture of a Scottish life which is nothing but spiritual, there is contained a half-truth, worse than a lie,—a triple lie, indeed, deceiving the writer and deceiving the reader and a libel on the life itself. Far otherwise it is with Galt, in whose work, always historically true, the spirituality of the people appears less, as, we may believe, in his day it showed less. He carries on the traditions of the vernacular literature, not missing the common or unclean, but painting a rounded and complete picture.

Thus, whatever it may lose by the absence of this idealism, Galt's work remains, as the present-day reminiscent and falsely spiritual writers' can never be, of value historically; and more, of a historical value that is maturing, being greater to us than to his contemporaries, and becoming greater still as the years go on. This is not because there is no truth in Mr. Dishart, say, and others in *Thrum's*, but because, howsoever true these may be, they are but facets of the whole truth. They may be true portraiture, but at any rate the *Thrum's* that is compact of them is not a true picture. There never was a village like *Thrum's*, there never was a glen like *Druimtochty*; whereas we are convinced that Dalmallling and Gudetown are the true Dalmallling and Gudetown of Galt's day, and at the same time the truest pictures we possess of the Scottish village and burgh-town of our day. And this is because they were seen whole, complete, not only by a contemporary chronicler who noted, with an observation that amounts to philosophic insight, the developmental forces beneath contemporary events.

This historic insight, which differentiates Galt from the writers of to-day who glorify a characteristic—the most noble and marked—of the Scottish people, also differentiates him from Scott, his great contemporary, who has painted this transition period. From the historical point of view Scott, too, is less valuable than Galt, and that just because he was far greater than Galt, his own mind being more to him, his subject less. Scott's novels of the Renaissance are not documents of it, as Galt's are. Even as he writes of the transition, he heightens, transmutes, by imaginative power; taking away from fact, as when he shows the breaking-up of feudalism in '45; inventing, not mirroring the plain fact, so that the character of Dandie Dinmont, the infinitely greater character, is less the real thing than Kebbuck or Coulter of the "Annals."

The "Annals" and the "Provost," then, occupy a place of their own in our literature. In them local and parochial annals are informed with the dignity of philosophic history. Galt has interested us in Dalmallling or Gudetown because it is real, human, made up of men and women; and in the same presentation in which he does this, the emergent types come up so luminously, so wholly, that they are the nation in miniature. And to achieve dramatic history in this way, embodying the general in the particular, is, perhaps, what has been done by no one else.

Galt did not reach this singular position without some conscious intention of achieving it. "To myself," he says, "the 'Annals' has ever been a kind of treatise on the history of society in the west of Scotland during the reign of King George the Third; and when it was written I had no idea it would ever have been received as a novel. Fables are often a better way of illustrating abstract truths than philosophical reasoning, and it is in this class of compositions I would place the 'Annals of the Parish.'" That is interesting as showing that the author of the "Annals" and the "Provost" was a deliberate student of sociology. Nevertheless

it is to be believed that his historic grasp owes little to the conscious intention, and almost all to a perfectly uncanny observation: uncanny, because outside of him, as it were, a thing by itself, working apart from him, so that he can stand aside and watch its operations.

Galt's observation discovers itself in such a contingent quality as his mastery of dialect. His mother, we know, had the command of an incomparable Scottish phraseology and a habit of queer metaphorical expression, to which, no doubt, we owe the rich excursions of the Leddy Grippy's tongue. The sayings of the carlins in Irvine closes, among whom he spent much of his youth, remembered after many years,—for of course his observation was compound of memory,—would find a place in his pages. In his slovenly fashion, he uses local variants of words—"Keele-vin" and "Keelevine," for example—showing that these had been noted by him. At the same time, so keenly observed was it, his Scotch always is more than words and phrases recalled; it is an adequate speech. Mr. Balwhidder's being exactly that of the old clerical fogie, Provost Pawkle's exactly that of the consequential burgh dignitary. In its particularity, it is different from Scott's, Galt's, the observer's, being nearer the real thing. Sir Walter, on the other hand, not of the people but a man of birth and bookishness, always the gentleman, the fine romancer, gets a twang, an unmistakable something of style, unborn of observation, which makes his Scotch the greatest ever written. For Scott, writing by ear, and, without doubt, often led thereby into slovenly English, has informed his Scotch with a great style, coming at it by the feel of his finger-tips, himself smiling as he culled the racy idioms.

Of this tremendous observation, too, comes the sense of fine richness of material of which we are conscious in the "Entail," the "Provost," the "Annals of the Parish." There is no feeling there, as with so many jejune moderns, that heaven and earth have been ran-

sacked to bombast out a book. Galt has not, like the decadent poet, the decadent novelist, cultivated his own mental emotions to produce the material of psychology. In the "Annals," besides Mr. Balwhidder, and his three wives, and Mrs. Malcolm and her family, and Lady Macadam,—leisurely, intimately discovered,—there are some fifty others, shown in thumb-nail sketches, each linked to inevitable, character-displaying incident, each incident, again, fitted with perfect relevance into the complete historic picture. In the "Provost," with the same frugality of means to the end, the career of Mr. Pawkle is laid bare, from his setting up in the corner-shop at the Cross, facing the Tolbooth, to his "going to his repose as a private citizen, with a very handsome silver cup, bearing an inscription in the Latin tongue, of the time he had been in the Council, Guildry, and Magistracy;" each body in the burgh-town—not a type amiss—impinging on that career, making it what it was, yet each true to himself; not an incident awanting to develop it; not one present which does not also develop the larger progress of the municipal government "from the ancient dexterous ways of corruption" to the order of "the purer spirit which the great mutations of the age had conjured into public affairs." And all this material was cast into these books with a generous hand by one who had attained to a fulness of knowledge, not through passion, not through reflection, but by a wide and penetrating observation.

An observation so wide and penetrating surely must have reached the springs of pathos and of humor. The verdict of three generations is that it has, and one wonders that any should deny either pathos or humor to the author of the "Execution" chapter in the "Provost" and of the Leddy Grippy. Yet we know that there is something in Galt's presentation of these, even at their best, that causes them to fail in touching many readers of to-day.¹

¹ Galt's humor was evidently to Carlyle's liking. In an article on "Carlyle in Society and at Home," Mr. Venables says: "He [Carlyle] some-

Well, one can see how far behind the popular writers of our time Galt is in setting forth that observed humor and pathos popularly. The great mass of the reading public now is in the grip of the literature of Tit-bit—Tit-bit being not a class, but a method, applicable to any. News, even of the police court, must not lie in the column to be read for, but must be placarded in headlines; and so, be the matter what it may—regeneration of the human soul itself—focus it to some glittering point you must.¹ It is literary pemmican that the reader of to-day must have: in every sentence a *punctum saliens* of emotion or of wit. Galt is no author for such a reader. Yet, although he never forces the phrase, he is not behind the Tit-bitites in close and insistent interest. Only, where they explain, he presents; and so, in spite of the vulgar nature of his theme, in spite of the lack of artistic consciousness, he delights the cultivated reader, who will not abdicate his own powers of imagination and humor and emotion to become the passive recipient of what the author cares to prepare, babe to be fed with his spoonfuls, but asks that something shall be left for his own constructive faculty to do.

times derived extreme amusement from the most extravagant forms of humor. In two or three days he repeated a dozen or a score of times, with bursts of inextinguishable laughter, a story which he had, I think, heard from Mr. Tennyson, of some Scotch gentlemen who, in the good old times had a three days' bout of steady drinking. Late on the third day one of the party, pointing to another, said to his neighbor, 'The laird looks unco gash.' 'Gash,' was the answer, 'he may weel look gash, as he has been deid these twa days.' I heard the story for the last time as we came away from a house where we had been dining, and Carlyle must have surprised his fellow-passengers in a Chelsea omnibus which he entered before he had done laughing." The story, of course, is from the "Last of the Lairds."

¹ Mr. Stead supplies a perfect illustration in vol. xxix. of the "Penny Poets." That accomplished server-up to the public insists that it was "little short of a high crime and misdemeanor" when Clough chose "The Bothie of Tober-na-vnolich" as the title of his poem, and, with a chuckle of prescience which the Tit-bitite must admire, he has reissued it as—"The Love Story of a Young Man!"

And, further, for a full appreciation of Galt, not only must the reader do much for himself—he must know much of himself also. If the "Annals" and the "Provost" are not to be accounted merely as shedding light on burgh and country life in Scotland, if they are to be enjoyed to the full measure of their value as a revelation of it, the reader must himself be acquainted with that life as it is and as it was. He misses much if he is not being constantly surprised into a delighted recognition. English readers have laughed and cried over the pictures of Thrums,—and therein is a proof of Mr. Barrie's genius; still, every Scot knows that there must have been lost to them much over which both to laugh and to cry. But this is far more true of the "Annals" and the "Provost;" not because Galt wrote of an older Scotland, not because he did not write for an English audience, but because he was more purely the observer and less the idealizer. With him, it is the life itself, not his presentation of it, that must move us; and how shall it move us utterly if we have not within us chords of association and memory? And not only does so appreciative a critic as Canon Ainger fail for want of these to sound Galt to the bottom, but among Scots themselves there is disagreement as to whether the "Provost" or the "Annals" is the greater work, each, according as he was bred in town or in country, making choice of the book in which he finds most of the life he knows.

In spite of these limitations to the number of his readers to-day, Galt still presents for most a wide range of humor and pathos: humor, subtle and gentle, as in the affairs of Micah Balwhidder, rich and shrewd, in the "Provost," roaring, often, there and in the "Entail," passing into excellent farce in the "Last of the Lairds;" and a pathos not less wide in its range.

We have spoken of Galt's lack of artistic consciousness as being likely to lessen for some readers their pleasure in his work. Galt, true product of his country, like it was untrained and

immature. May we not say that there is in the Scottish character still, when set beside the English, something angular and intense, something almost fierce at times? In that most democratic of countries, we may explain it, the constant rush of new blood prevents the old from clarifying. Galt lived at a period when, as we have shown, Scotland was running riot in the new possibilities opened up for it. Think for a moment of his life; of the Greenock period, for example, with his fury in the pursuit of knowledge, his schemes of a calibre too grand for his contemporaries to appreciate, his lack of a standard whereby to judge himself and them. When he carried his pursuits and schemes into the greater world, even in that extended circle of his contemporaries there still were wanting any to appreciate him; while he himself was so deficient in a standard for judging them, that, with them all to choose from, he declared his young Greenock friend, Park, to be "far more accomplished than any other person I have ever known, and I do not except Lord Byron when I say so." It is an exhibition of an unwearied spirit in a good and honest and loyal man; but an exhibition also of immaturity, of a failure to shed the amateur, of a "splainer," of the "gaudy Greenock man," as Carlyle described him, getting beneath the externals with his intuitive flash. In his evident pride in such a character as his own Sir Andrew Wylie,—and see how he demeans Mary Cunningham by lowering her pride at the end, whereas she ought to have condescended to the baronet even in marrying him,—we seem to detect a certain indelicacy of perception in Galt. Devoid of self-consciousness, and with a spirit the bearing strain of which was enormous, he was ready for any task, evidently more ambitious for the output than for a record without failure. He was the extensive, not the intensive worker.

And thus he could never be the pure artist. He did not handle language lovingly, like an instrument. It was nothing in itself save a means to a

practical end. His narrative, therefore, is often a slovenly march between the points where it is quickened by emotion. We do not remember that Mr. R. L. Stevenson ever made a reference to Galt showing that he had studied him. The author of the Edinburgh scenes in the "Wrecker" could not have read the "Provost" without recognition of the great penetration there into the fastnesses of the Scottish nature. But, remembering the criticism in "Memories and Portraits" of Sir Walter's shortcomings as a craftsman, one can imagine how Galt's slovenliness of artistic structure would strike the novelist who was forever stripping his theme of irrelevancies. Take the "Entail" as an example. The first part of the book is woven round the really great character of old Claud Walkinshaw. His death in the middle of the story is artistically right; it was necessary that the effects of his entail should declare themselves most fully after his death of remorse for it. When Claud died, and this great central figure was removed, there was a gap, a barrenness, in the story which had to be filled, and Galt filled it with the Leddy Grippy. She is the great character of the second part. But this Leddy Grippy of the second part is not the Leddy Grippy, the Girzy Hypel, of the first. Galt had felt the artistic necessity of heightening the effect of Leddy Grippy, and to do so he changed her, but he did not revise the first part of the story, apparently did not feel the necessity of revising it, to bring the Leddy's character into a consequence throughout.

Galt was at once more and less artificial than Stevenson. His ideas, feelings, personal preferences, the matter with all its side issues, as opposed to the manner, weighed more with him. Therein he was less artificial. On the other hand he was more artificial because he was infinitely less conscious than was Stevenson of the dignity of subject,—its demands to be treated with all respect and restraint, to be charged with nothing belittling to it, to be set upon a pinnacle alone, with

all the petty accessories severely stripped. Thus in Galt we constantly find a certain familiarity between the writer and the reader; not a vulgar familiarity, but rather an understanding that, after all, this matter between them is at best only a story and the telling of it.

But why should we expatiate on such particulars? Let the manners and virtues of the family speak for themselves, while we proceed to relate what ensued.

Can one imagine that, from the "Entail," in the "Master of Ballantrae"?

Here again, however, Galt's observation came to his aid, making up for what was wanting in him of the artist. Extreme self-consciousness, extreme subject-consciousness, in art, are negative rather than positive qualities, showing themselves in what they keep out of a book rather than in what they put into it. Had Galt had these, we should not have known the Sandyfords. For want of the deliberative, lopping hand of the artist, the effect of the "Entail," which might have been his greatest book, is almost spoiled. But in the work of Galt that is great,—wheresoever, that is, his observation ranged free,—we do not miss the deliberative artist, although there, too, he is wanting. There is a deliberate art and there is an instinctive art; and whenever Galt is back in Greenock and in Irvine, his measure of instinctive art is full. He is like a man who has never been outside his own parish; when he crosses the marchdyke, he stumbles, loses his head, is forewandered; let him come again within the familiar circle, and he steps the road with confidence, never halting, yet never thinking of the way, because he knows every foot of it. It is this surefooted Galt that we find in the "Annals," in the "Provost," in great portions of the "Entail," in small portions of "Sir Andrew Wylie," in the "Last of the Lairds." There, — with what a tact!—Galt conforms his style to his subject, becoming softer, for example, when Micah Balwhidder tells about a Sabbath year of his ministry; by

a fine instinct (which makes us like the man) writing gently of sunny landscapes, of grasses, of buds, of flowers:—

Contentment within the bosom lent a livelier grace to the countenance of nature; and everybody said that in this year the hedges were greener than common, the gowans brighter on the brae, and the heads of the statelier trees adorned with a richer coronal of leaves and blossoms. All things were animated with the gladness of thankfulness, and testified to the goodness of their Maker.

With what a gusto, and with what a petty spitefulness as well, Provost Pawkle recounts the tricks of the divor, Robin Boss; with what a masterful air of efficiency, his off-come with that "pompous trifler," Mr. Peevie! The highwater mark of Galt's work is reached in the ninth chapter of the "Provost," where his really terrible observation is mixed with a wonderful tenderness. Who does not recognize the different effects of their shame upon the two laddies of the donsie mother? "The one of them had gone off with the soldiers some time before; the other, a douce, well-behaved callan, was in my lord's servitude as a stableboy at the castle." And now the daughter, Jean Gaisling, "the bonniest lassie in the whole town, but light-headed, and fonder of out-gait and blether in the causey than was discreet of one of her uncertain parentage," has murdered her bastard bairn. From the hour she did the deed she never spoke.

It was thought by many that her advocate might have made great use of her visible consternation, and pled that she was by herself; for in truth she had every appearance of being so. He was, however, a dure man, no doubt versed well enough in the particulars and punctualities of the law for an ordinary plea; but no of the right sort of knowledge and talent to take up the case of a forlorn lassie, misled by ill example and a winsome nature, and clothed in the allurement of loveliness, as the judge himself said to the jury.

When the girl in the tolbooth is waiting

the coming on of the hour of doom, her wanton mother, that has been trolloping in Glasgow, comes to the door, making a dreadful wally-waeing, and the ladies who had sat up all night with Jean, and prayed for her, were obligated to bid her be let in.

The wicked mother first tried to rouse her by weeping and distraction, and then she took to upbraiding, but Jeannie seemed to heed her not, save only once, and then she but looked at the misleart tinkler, and shook her head.

What profound observation that change in the mother shows!

At the hour appointed, Jeannie, dressed in white, was led out by the town-officers, and in the midst of the magistrates from among the ladies, with her hands tied behind her with a black riband. At the first sight of her at the tolbooth stair-head, a universal sob rose from all the multitude, and the sternest e'e couldna refrain from shedding a tear. We marched slowly down the stair, and on to the foot of the scaffold, where her younger brother, Willy, that was stable-boy at my lord's, was standing by himself, in an open ring made round him in the crowd; every one compassionating the dejected laddie, for he was a fine youth, and of an orderly spirit.

As his sister came towards the foot of the ladder, he ran towards her, and embraced her with a wail of sorrow that melted every heart, and made us all stop in the middle of our solemnity. Jeannie looked at him (for her hands were tied), and a silent tear was seen to drop from her cheek. But in the course of little more than a minute all was quiet, and we proceeded to ascend the scaffold. Willy, who had by this time dried his eyes, went up with us, and when Mr. Pittie had said the prayer and sung the psalm, in which the whole multitude joined, as it were with the contrition of sorrow, the hangman stepped forward to put on the fatal cap, but Willy took it out of his hand, and placed it on his sister himself, and then kneeling down, with his back towards her, closing his eyes, and shutting his ears with his hands,

he saw not nor heard when she was launched into eternity.

When the awful act was over, and the stir was for the magistrates to return and the body to be cut down, poor Willy rose, and without looking round, went down the steps of the scaffold; the multitude made a lane for him to pass, and he went on through them, hiding his face, and gaed straight out of the town. As for the mother, we were obligated, in the course of the same year, to drum her out of the town for stealing thirteen choppin bottles from William Gallon's, the vinter's, and selling them for whiskey to Maggy Picken, that was tried at the same time for the reset.

There, certainly, is a great triumph of art for Galt's observation; and it had a greater. For the historic grasp to which it led him gave to the "Annals" and to the "Provost," and not merely to special chapters in them, a structural quality. Micah Balwhidder is content to record all things,—he was the minister of the parish,—Tam Pawkie has a bairle's eye for those things only that affected his personal policy; yet both the "Annals" and the "Provost" have a binding interest, the development of rural and municipal Scotland. No deliberative artist could have better created and sustained an atmosphere than Galt, by sheer observation and tact, has created and sustained it in the "Annals;" Stevenson himself could not have been closer, more relevant, than Galt is in the "Provost,"—and could he ever have been so adequate? Adequacy, arising out of the fulness of his observation, giving to each of these works its own large integrity,—therein, rather than in the many contingent excellences discoverable in him, lies the greatness of Galt.

If it is in his rare observation that we find Galt's power, to it we must look for his weakness also. For Galt's achievement, great as it is, is not of the greatest. We are ever saying, as we read him, What a gift of seeing! ever, as we leave him, This is only seeing, after all! Between these two opinions our judgment keeps flying, now amazed at the

great powers we discover in him, now conscious that the Something of greatness is wanting. And when we try, not indeed to recover this inexplicable Something, but to define our disappointment in Galt, we are brought back again to the quality of his observation.

Our constantly recurring wonder, as we read the "Annals" and the "Provost," seems, if we consider it, to be less at a wide sweep of the human intellect than at a marvel of nature,—as if Galt's gift had been, say, a power of seeing objects with the naked eye at twice the distance at which other men can see them. This view of his observation as a power, almost freakish, working outside and beyond him, is borne out by what we know of it. It is singularly at variance with all the other qualities of his mind. Its working was confined to Scotland, we might almost say to Ayrshire. When he was in England, Galt could not observe at all; elsewhere in Scotland than in Greenock or Irvine, he invented—and invented atrociously. And even in Ayrshire, apparently, it existed only in his youth. He was over forty when he wrote the "Annals" and the "Provost," and all that they contain, as the careful student of Galt might demonstrate, was the outcome of observation twenty years before. The deservedly highly praised "Windy Yule" chapter describes a storm which he saw when he was eight years old; yet look at the freshness of the impression after forty years, as seen in a touch like this:—

As the day dawned, the wind began to abate in its violence, and to wear away from the sou'-west into the norit, but it was soon discovered that some of the vessels with the corn had perished, for the first thing seen was a long fringe of tangle and grain along the line of the high-water mark, and every one strained with greedy and grieved eyes as the daylight brightened, to discover which had suffered.

There is more in the "Annals" and the "Provost" than observation, of course; Galt is too big a man to be explained by any formula. There is

selection, for example. Mr. Cayenne makes rare appearances in the "Annals," six or seven at the most. But in these six or seven strokes, what a character! Still, this selection, without stretch perhaps, may be attributed to the very fineness of the observation, even as an unconscious art lay in its breadth and wholeness.

Such an observation we should expect to be lacking in animation, and it is the want of animation that disappoints us in Galt,—the want of glow, of exaltation. The world, Galt's world, lay out before him, on the flat, as it were, complete, to be taken in by him in a great, calm gaze. What others would have seen as a matter of wonder, he saw as a matter of course. Had the wonder of his seeing touched him more, it would have touched us more. The "Annals" and the "Provost" are greater than Galt, who at best, perhaps, was only a sterling, likeable, friendly man; nevertheless they should be greater than they are had they more taste of his own quality, whatsoever it may have been. The speculative, creative genius, looking abroad upon the world, itself elevated above it by impassioned imagination, comes with a swoop to the heart of things. Galt's was not a speculative, intuitive genius. His approach is always from the under side. At first, it seems that he has reached from below what the other reaches from above, for the life lay bare to him, in every mood of it; until we discover that there is an ultimate innerness in things that reveals itself only to the passion with which it is sought. We are speaking of the defects of great qualities now. Where, as in Galt, everything is laid bare, there is not likely to be passionate search; and a dead-sure observation will show few marks of the empyrean from which great genius descends.

From Temple Bar.
THE PERSONALITY OF MARGARET
FULLER.

"The impassioned bolero and fan-dango are the dances for me. They

express not merely loving, but living; they express the sweet southern ecstasy at the mere gift of existence."

So wrote Margaret, and therein expressed what her biographers cannot too much emphasize, namely, her passion for life—life full, free, untrammeled; life of mind and heart; life for every faculty, every instinctive craving of her nature.

Emerson and Carlyle both speak of her "mountain Me," but if she thought herself head and shoulders above the ordinary woman, at least it was because she found herself there, crowned queen in virtue of her innata "queenhood," and not from any vulgar self-conceit; still less on account of any lack of insight into or sympathy for her fellow-humans.

We of to-day have much the same idea of her that was in the mind of the general public of her own time, viz., that of a "blue-stocking," a somewhat stern, sarcastic, and disagreeable being; who no doubt did good work as a pioneer in the great Woman-Cause (of the name of which we are getting very tired), but who, on the whole, was not one whom we should ever take to our hearts, or wish to know in the intimacy of daily life.

That this personality is very vivid, many-sided, and lovable withal, must, however, become a conviction with us when we find that she was the valued friend of Emerson, Dr. Channing, Dr. Hedge, James Freeman Clarke, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Harriet Martineau, etc., to say nothing of the crowd of people of all classes, ages, and professions who came to her and counted it the greatest privilege of their lives to call Margaret Fuller "friend." She once remarked, "I have more than one hundred correspondents."

We who have access to her private letters, her journal, her autobiography, have no need to join outsiders in a hasty and uncomprehending condemnation. To most, if not all, of those who became her life-long friends the first impression was unpleasant. It was just in proportion as they knew, that they admired and loved her. And

we may step with these inside the magic circle and feel, if but for a few minutes, the spell of her grand personality.

In trying to do this we are met at the outset by a singular difficulty.

Madame Récamier, Madame de Staël, Bettina von Arnheim, Rahel Levin, show their best selves to us in their books or their letters. It is not so with Margaret. She cried, "After all, this writing is mighty dead. Oh! for my dear old Greeks, who talked everything—not to shine as in the Parisian saloons, but to learn, to teach, to clear the mind!"

Her writings, clear as they are, in style concise, playful, or poetic, rich in thought and containing many gems of expression and insight, are still to a certain extent disappointing. One feels in reading them that her *best* finds no medium in pens, ink, and paper. It is like looking at the portrait on the title-page of one of her works. There is the strength—and the picture is true so far as it goes; but the rich, brown hair and light complexion of the living head are a more or less intense shade of grey; and under the heavy eyelids one catches scarce a glimpse of eyes that, in speaking, appeared swimming "with fun and drolleries, and the very tides of joy and superabundant life."

It was when you met Margaret face to face, when her eye flashed into yours, when her thought leapt warm from heart and lips, that her face and figure showed to advantage, and her speech rose to glorious eloquence. Then she was sibyl, prophetess; and reached the truest expression of herself.

Hungry and thirsty for life, she was at war with everything that would deprive herself or others of it. At war, therefore, with all falsehoods and shams, with all mere conventions, with cramping circumstances, with pettiness in every shape.

The ideal of her childhood—the will, the resolve of man as expressed in the Roman, and its conquering force—was the ideal of her womanhood; and this, equally in both periods, lived alongside an intense and passionate love of

beauty which was nothing if not Greek.

But it is necessary to say something of her studies before plunging with her into the full sea of American society.

Mr. Fuller believed in forcing a child's intellect to its utmost possibility of tension. He taught Margaret himself, and we have a picture of her at the age of six waiting in a great state of nervousness for him to come home from his office that she might repeat her lessons to him, those being chiefly Latin, history, and English grammar. At seven years she has been reading Virgil, and has terrible nightmares of trees dripping with blood, of horses trampling over her, of vague, horrible figures approaching to seize her the moment she rests her tired little head on the pillow. She is kept up late at night, and works all day at tasks far beyond her years; and who but a very severe teacher could require of a young child attention to such rules as these?—

You must not speak unless you can make your meaning perfectly intelligible to the person addressed; must not express a thought unless you can give a reason for it, if required; must not make a statement unless sure of all particulars.

Such words as *but*, *if*, *unless*, *it may be so*, *I am mistaken*, were never allowed. In view of this early training, it is no wonder that the thoughts of the woman should frequently be expressed in a didactic manner!

Margaret Fuller was born at Cambridgeport, near Boston, in 1810, and lived there (with the exception of about two years spent at boarding-school) until 1833.

Naturally the academical advantages of such a neighborhood were put to their full use, and here also she made many acquaintances, at least three of whom became life friends, viz., Dr. Hedge, Dr. Channing, and James Freeman Clarke. At sixteen she read with ease in Latin, Greek, French, and Spanish. Then she began, with Mr. Clarke, to study German, and "obtained," he said, "an easy command of the language in three months." By

the time she was seventeen she was engaged on a critical study of the Italian poets; had read an incredible number of foreign and English classics; and had, in Cambridgeport society, the position of a grown-up person, reputed everywhere for her sparkling wit, sarcastic tongue, enormous learning, and brilliancy of conversation. She repelled at that time many more people than she attracted; and her own life and feelings were so intense that she frightened some and wearied others whose personality was less vivid than her own.

In truth lies life; therefore truth at all hazards, was her cry. Truth she would have even in the simplest anecdote or smallest assertion, and she was unsparing towards pretension and hypocrisy. The keenness of her sarcasm toned down as her sympathies widened and her affections were developed, but, unfortunately, the reputation for it was longer-lived, and contributed largely to the general misunderstanding of her character.

The part of her life wherein she most fully delivered her message to her generation was that between the years 1838-1846.

During the first six of these years she held Conversation Classes in Boston.

They were for ladies of the so-called educated classes, whose intellectual life, Margaret felt, was in danger of declining, in spite of the fact that in those (to us) early days girls were taught at schools everything that boys learnt. To help such to make the best use of life; to make an opportunity for them and for herself to gain in vigor by interchange of thought; to teach them how to reproduce their knowledge and make use of it; to give them an intelligent interest in a wide range of subjects; to speak out the thoughts that burned within her for utterance—here was earnest motive enough for inaugurating what was for Boston a new departure.

She chose as her first subject an early favorite—Greek mythology. "Every thought of which man is susceptible is intimated there," she said; and she

found abundant material for lectures and grand scope for her powers. It was a subject that necessitated dealing with the very principles of life and its conduct. In opening the eyes of her fellow-women to what was noblest in Greek life and Greek myths, she enabled them to see what is noblest in all national and individual life, and did not a little towards widening the boundaries fixed by prejudice and custom, and deepening the sense of what is essentially lovely.

Those were enchanted evenings! Occasionally a meeting was thrown open to both sexes, and what her powers of conversation were we can have little idea, since it was asserted that "even Emerson served only to draw them out." The whole assembly would presently sit silent, drinking in her words "with glistening eyes and hearts melted into one love." Coming from these conversations she affirmed that "it is good to live!"

Of the details of her life; of her long teaching in Mr. Alcott's school, and after in Rhode Island; of her summer on the lakes, her editorship of the *Dial*, her work for the New York *Tribune*; of her journey to Europe, residence in Italy, marriage with the Marchese d'Ossoli, and birth of their child; of the journey home in 1850, ending in the terrible tragedy of shipwreck within sight of land—of all this it is not the province of this paper to speak. The story of her life is accessible to all.¹

But the briefest sketch of Margaret were incomplete without some mention of her capacity for friendship, which we take to be as much a natural gift as that of Michael Angelo for painting pictures—or of Robert Browning for writing poems. It were, perhaps, hardly too much to say that she fulfilled the whole of the conditions Emerson laid down in his essay² as necessary to the perfection of the relationship.

This phase of her is best studied during her residence in New York.

¹ Margaret Fuller, by Julia Ward Howe.

² "Friendship"—First series.

There, in the midst of a select but large circle, "she seemed," Emerson said, "like the queen of some parliament of love, who carried the key to all confidences, and to whom every question had been referred."

She saw at once when any one "belonged" to her, and "never rested until she came into possession of her property." She said, and truly, "great and fatal errors (so far as this life is concerned) could not destroy my friendship for one in whom I am sure of the kernel of nobleness."

Her own intellectual needs were so wide, her own failings so humbly admitted, her own heart so true, her interests as varied as intense—she was, withal, so experienced in suffering, and had such a capacity for joy, that she drew to her and responded to the minds and hearts of men and women of totally opposite temperaments.

She called all her friends by their Christian names—presumably from some feeling of want of individuality in the other—and had a rare power over them so that they suppressed in her presence all in them that was commonplace. Love and friendship were with her, entirely independent of sex. "It is so true that a woman may be in love with a woman, and a man with a man," she wrote. To many her friendships seem exaggerated, extravagant, unnatural even. She gave and required so much that Dr. Channing, seeing her exactions—not only conscious, on their time, but unconscious, on their whole nature—confesses that he tried to hold aloof, not being willing to be caught up and carried along in the whirlwind. That he afterwards became, not only an admiring friend, but a peculiarly sympathetic one, says much for the innate nobleness by which she fought down such antipathetic feelings. Yet in all her friendships, intense as they were, she ever kept her own independence of thought and life. In spite of her exactions, she said truly, "My affection is strong admiration, not the necessity of giving or receiving assistance or sympathy." And again, referring to Emerson: "It is his beautiful presence

that I prize far more than our intercourse." Often during her life she suffered from the necessary isolation this brought her. Dependence on others is a great sweetener of life. *I can stand alone*, she felt. Every strong soul must learn that lesson, no doubt, but not to all is it a primary necessity, and Margaret paid for it in a chill isolation of feeling which came over her at times, and caused her to write:—

There comes a consciousness that I have no real hold on life, no real permanent connection with any soul. I seem a wandering intelligence driven from spot to spot, that I may learn all secrets, and fulfil a circle of knowledge. This thought envelopes me as a cold atmosphere.

But it did not prevent her feeling a great tenderness and deep responsive sympathy; did not hinder her appreciation of friendship, or incapacitate her for drawing thence most of the sweetness of her life.

Of this special time of social intercourse, she said it gave her "an opportunity of knowing and serving many lovely characters, and I cannot see that there is anything else for me to do on earth."

To get at the secret of her wonderful influence, we turn to her own farewell address to her class of girls in the Rhode Island school:—

I thanked them for the moral beauty of their conduct, bore witness that an appeal to conscience had never failed, and told them of my happiness in having the faith thus confirmed that young persons can be best guided by addressing their highest nature. I assured them of my true friendship, proved by my never having cajoled or caressed them into good. All my influence over them was rooted in reality; I had never softened nor palliated their faults. I had appealed, not to their weakness, but to their strength. I had offered to them always the loftiest motives, and had made every other end subservient to that of spiritual growth.¹

To the account of this side of her life,

Emerson's words form the best conclusion:—

There is a power in love to divine another's destiny better than that other can, and by heroic encouragements hold him to his task. What has friendship so signal as its sublime attraction to whatever virtue is in us? We will never more think cheaply of ourselves or of life.²

As for her more public work, her criticisms on art and literature, her contributions to the "Woman Question," we can here scarcely give a glimpse of their value and scope.

Her enthusiasms were intense, but without idolatry. She saw the beauty of men and things so clearly that she could afford to take notice of their faults.

Her essay on Goethe is one of the finest in the English language.

She introduces a book of Robert Browning's, and says:—

Byron could only paint women as they were to him. Browning can show what they are in themselves. . . . Of Browning's delicate sheaths of meaning within meaning, which must be opened slowly, petal by petal, as we seek the heart of a flower, and the spirit-like distant breathings of his lute, familiar with the secrets of shores distant and enchanted—a sense can only be gained by reading him a great deal; and we wish "Bells and Pomegranates" might be brought within the reach of all who have time and soul to wait and listen for such!

Few questions that came before the American public were left without notice from her, and the book by which she is best known is "Woman in the Nineteenth Century."

To show Margaret Fuller's attitude to this question, four short quotations must suffice:—

I have aimed to show that no age was left entirely without a witness of the equality of the sexes in function, duty, and hope.

If you ask me what offices women may fill, I reply—any. I do not care what

¹ These italics are not in the original.

² "Uses of Great Men."

case you put; let them be sea-captains, if you will. I do not doubt there are some women well-fitted for such office, and, if so, I should be as glad to see them in it as to welcome the Maid of Saragossa, or the Maid of Missolonghi, or the Suliote heroine, or Emily Plater.

That (a woman's) hand may be given with dignity, she must be able to stand alone.

Express your views, men, of what you seek in women; thus best do you give them laws. Learn, women, what you should demand of men; thus only can they become themselves. Fellow-pilgrims and help-meets are ye, Apollo and Diana, twins of heavenly birth, both beneficent and both armed. Man, fear not to yield to woman's hand both the quiver and the lyre; for if her urn be filled with light, she will use both to the glory of God. There is but one doctrine for ye both, and that is the doctrine of the Soul.

Be your highest self, follow your star, and humanity will have no quarrel with you.

One is painfully struck by the inadequacy of language to paint this regal Margaret. Of her unselfishness, of the beauty of all her personal relations, of her patience in suffering, of her unconquerable hopefulness, nothing has been said.

How convey what she was to those who knew her?

Let Browning say what we cannot:—
One who never turned his back, but
marched breast-forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,
Sleep to wake.

ELsie RHODES.

From The Contemporary Review.
LONDON REVISITED.
SOME REMINISCENCES
BY WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

I was obliged to spend three weeks lately about the London Law Courts,

and, as usually happens to a stranger, noted a hundred things about the town which had never struck me as a resident. The last time I was in the Law Courts was in the Parnell Commission days. A number of Irish members had been brought over from Ireland as prisoners to give evidence. We spent our nights in Holloway Gaol, and our days in or about the precincts of the New Law Courts—a building which always reminds me of M. Jules Lemaitre's witty description of the late M. Renan's brain as “une cathédrale désaffectée”—a cathedral turned to the wrong uses; with its vast empty nave where you miss an altar, and those cloistral depths which might well be echoing with a mediæval chant instead of the unholy tales which are poured into the ears of the divorce judges in their dingy confessionals. Thanks to a hint from the three judges, we were allowed to roam where we pleased around the courts on parole until the rising of the court. It was probably the happiest time of their lives for the Irish warders who came over in charge of us. Their gold-banded caps were as familiar in the Strand as the helmets of Dr. Jim's Matabele police became later. If the court rose early, it was not an unusual thing to see a prisoner coming up to a policeman to inquire affectionately where he could find his warder. My own pleasantest recollection of the Parnell Commission is of a delightful old lady—whether she reigns still I know not—who was housekeeper, or one of the housekeepers, of the courts. She was a Tory of the quaintest old pattern, but, whatever the New Woman will think of her, hers was one of those minds in which politics has no chance against human nature. One of our privileges at the courts was to get in a daily dinner from a restaurant, and it was discussed—with what gusto only an old prisoner may know—in the housekeeper's room. I will never forget the beaming face with which the old lady introduced the daily chop and claret, or the delight-worthy of a mother at the bedside of a starving child—with which she saw us feasting

on the chop to the bone. Must I confess that this delicious little old Tory did more to impress me with respect for the English character than the three judges in all their majesty upstairs?—not to talk of that cruel Tory majority in the House of Commons who appointed the three judges, not to try us, but, *per fas aut nefas*, to crush us?

The time has perhaps come when one may safely tell another curious incident of those times. Two of the members for Tipperary—Mr. Condon and Mr. John O'Connor—were among the prisoners paroled for the day, and there being no chance of their evidence being reached, whiled away the time by strolling over to the office of the *Freeman's Journal*, at the opposite side of the Strand.. There they met a famous Irish singer, upon whose voice opera-goers hung with rapture that season in Drury Lane. But the great baritone is never half so thrilling as in an Irish rebel ballad. He simply rises in a glorious insurrection of song. As the two Irish prisoners have capital voices as well, their greetings naturally warmed into melody. The great singer burst into the best of all his songs, "The Wearing of the Green." The windows were open; the traffic in the Strand was at high tide. The singer's glorious chest-notes floated across the street against the Gothic sound-board of the Law Courts. People stopped to listen, and other people, and then the cabs and the 'buses. The inevitable Irish element turned up in the crowd, and regardless of the policeman's half-hearted order to move on, would fain join in the chorus, and go into ecstasies of applause. Soon the street in which English "Justice" was engaged in its back room strangling the Irish cause, was ringing with the tremendous chorus:—

When laws can keep the blades of grass
from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves at summer time their
color dare not show,
Then we will change the color, too, we
wear in our caubeen,

But till that day, please God, we'll stick to
"Wearing of the Green."

It was perhaps as eloquent a sign in its way as Pigott's suicide, of the hopelessness of beating down the Irish cause by Parnell Commission methods.

Alas! But it has its woeful memories, too, that ill-favored little Commission Court. No Irishman can, without emotion, contrast the position of the Irish party in that hour—triumphant, vindicated, irresistible, only waiting the signal of the general election to have the seal put upon their triumph forever—with our broken ranks to-day, when the fate that has sundered into opposite camps the two Tipperary members who started that chorus of "The Wearing of the Green," is but a type of the tragic sundering that has taken place among their comrades. The traversers' counsel of those old days have undergone a transformation as sharply in contrast with that of their clients as is England's sunshiny history with Ireland's. Sir Charles Russell is Lord Russell of Killowen and lord chief-justice of England; Mr. Reed is Sir Robert Reed, late attorney-general; Mr. Lockwood is Sir Frank Lockwood, late solicitor-general; Mr. Asquith, then a plain junior counsel, has been a home secretary, and may be a prime minister; Mr. G. H. Lewis has become the famous Sir George. There is none of their old clients who does not heartily rejoice in their happier fate, but what a scattering of these same clients; what a shipwreck of their hopes; what a gloomier than Greek tragedy has shattered the unity which used to be the wonder of their foes!

Some are dead, and some are gone.
And some are rebels on the hills—
(if, haply, we must not complete the quotation):—

But never more—no, never more!
We'll meet to revel or to roam!

Well, well—if we must needs "stand apart, the scars remaining," let us at least live those old days over kindly again in memory, with the consolation, such as it is, that we are not the first

nor the thirtieth generation of Irishmen who have found the Irish cause a drama, in which you must not look for a too happy ending.

The quotation reminds me that I am myself one of those who are "gone"—so far as Westminster is concerned, at all events. The gentle reader, if she or he be English, will doubtless suspect that, during my three weeks in London I wandered about the palace of Westminster even more disconsolately than around the Law Courts. It is one of the curious differences between the two races that there is probably no man, woman, or child in Ireland who would suspect anything of the sort. I have met Englishmen who lost their seats at the general election, and who discussed the disaster as pathetically as if they had lost an arm or an eye. They looked as if they wanted to make sure they were not being jested with when I told them that to hear Big Ben chiming the quarters once more, melodiously though it clanged over the wide-spreading river, sounded to my ears like the summons of the morning prison bell in Tullamore, rousing me to another of those long, long weary days. It was to them simply incomprehensible that I should be counting the days and the hours until I could get back to a cottage in the wild heart of Mayo, where the daffodils' golden bugles of the spring were blowing, or that I could find so much difference between the primroses as they nestle on the verge of Brackloon Wood, and the primroses in twopenny bunches which the simple Londoners were heaping up at the feet of Lord Beaconsfield's grinning statue on Parliament Square. It is easy to understand an Englishman's longing for the House of Commons, his pride in it, his worship of it. It is the electric button which you have but to touch to move the world. Perhaps it is only Irish members who lived among the unchained racial passions which divided English and Irish members before 1886, and as to one English party, even later—the remorseless hectoring brute force on the one side, the indomitable hate on the other—who can fully

realize the feeling; but for me, the kindlier ways, the *mores humaniores* of later years, can never altogether eradicate my first impression of that embroidered palace by the Thames as an arena where a small band of Irishmen were chained to the stake to fight for their lives against overpowering odds of wealth and prejudice and brute strength. I have no more mere personal desire to see its towers again than a Daclan peasant who had fought the lions in the Coliseum could have to see its galleries thronged again with the Romans who came to see the gladiators die. I entered the House of Commons at a moment when mutual prejudices were at their blackest—in the beginning of 1883. The dramatic incidents of Carey's revelations of the conspiracy of the Invincibles were in full swing. It seems an odd instance of English simplicity now; but you could every day read in the papers, and even see in men's faces, the expectation that to-morrow or the day after would bring some revelation which would involve the fate, perhaps even the lives, of the Irish party. What a whirligig is politics! The day I took my seat, the first Englishman (and, except Mr. Joseph Cowen, the only Englishman) who shook hands with me and welcomed me was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. It required as much courage on his part then as his repudiation of Dr. Jim did in his post-Radical days. It has many a time been a subject of debate among Irishmen whether we did wisely to repulse Mr. Chamberlain when, in 1885, he proposed to make Ireland, instead of Scotland, the subject of his "unauthorized programme." When, however, it came to choosing between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain as our national apostle, even those who are most dazzled by Mr. Chamberlain's present glory will scarcely question that we made the best of a hard choice.

Man by man, the House of Commons is full of *bonhomie*. Its judgments of men are often wrong, but they are never wrong by reason of any undue regard for the length of a man's purse

or the number of his quarterings. But when the hearty, tolerant (once in a way stupid) Englishmen of the smoking-room or the terrace flock in at the division-bell to speak, as it were, "ex cathedrâ," in the name of England, ruler of the waves, they even yet call up before my memory the cruel, unteachable, repellent power of those old days when to me the most delightful prospect in all great London was the Euston railway platform, because it was the way out of it. It may, perhaps, denote a vulgar taste, but the truth is that the only pang I felt in quitting the House of Commons (as I supposed for the last time) was in parting with the doorkeepers and the policemen. Of these I will always preserve a memory as pleasant as the spring. It is, perhaps, chiefly because their friendship was not born of our later years' good fortune as the associates of ministers and (the malicious said) their masters, but dated from the ancient agonistic days when our friends were few and our enemies seemingly irresistible as fate. I dare say it was the healthy human sympathy of the onlooker for the under-dog, that cannot be got to let go; and we were always the under-dog, hopelessly the under-dog, then. At all events, there they were, attendant or policeman, always ready with a smile, with an umbrella, with a topcoat, after they had been kept long hours out of their beds by some late Irish conclave in the smoke-room. I doubt whether any company of dukes or capitalists would have found as smiling faces.

Not that life was without its compensations in those far-off times when we only knew cabinet ministers as our jailers. There is no wine of France to compare with the joy of the forlorn hope. Few of us can survey our present thinned and divided ranks without a sigh for the days when, if practically all the world was against us, all the world was young, and there was at least one small corner of the world, shamrock-spangled, that was with us to the brave and loving heart of it, and that to us was worth more than

all the world besides. Then the under-dog had fairly vigorous teeth, too. How often, half-a-dozen of us poor unfriended Irish *gorsoons* getting out of the Irish mail-train at Euston, and finding all the mighty life and energies of the great metropolis throbbing around us, exulted to think that over the very throttle valve of the English Empire we possessed a grip which would yet harness in the cause of Ireland all that opulence and prejudice and million-handed power. What would have been the feelings of Caractacus (was it Caractacus?) in Imperial Rome, if instead of wailing over the fate of his hut in Britain, he could march up to the Golden House of the Cæsar, and match himself with his Imperial Majesty beard to beard on his own hearthstone? Never did the comrades of any *Odyssey* with a more frolic welcome take the sunshine or the thunder than did ours. There were nights, after all, through which to have lived was very heaven. For example, the first time when in Morrison's Hotel in Dublin, Mr. Parnell intimated to us (months before the paragraphs in the *Leeds Mercury* astounded England) that the foremost statesman of the century was a Home Ruler, and invited suggestions as to the future Home Rule Bill, or the night when the hunted Irishmen first heard the declaration of Irish liberty from that Treasury Bench from which denunciations had so often thundered on their heads.

Nor were certain *noctes caenae* altogether wanting—although on a very humble hillock of Olympus. When the House was not sitting, a few of us, usually Mr. Sexton, Mr. Healy, Mr. Harrington, and myself (Mr. Dillon was away in Colorado in broken health) would dine together at a frugal chop-house off the Strand, which has long since given place to a flaring restaurant with golden pilasters and French mirrors. Sometimes "T. P." surged in upon us like a burst of sunshine; sometimes it was Mr. Parnell, gentlest and least obtrusive of companions, from whom there would escape some of those unpretentious aphorisms, flavored

with his own peculiar, mildly cynical wit and wisdom; like his smiling comment on the eagerness of the younger men to fight Lord Spencer's Coercion Act, tooth and nail—"My dear —, I don't intend to go to jail myself any more, but I haven't the slightest objection that anybody else should go." Sometimes, the cénacle broke up in time for half-price back seats in the pit of a theatre; sometimes, to the wonder of the waiters, we lingered over our tankards of lager beer until the closing hour, as merry as campaigners in their mess tent, for between men of the stamp of Sexton and Healy and "T. P." when they were at their best, there was an exchange of wits rich enough to make the fortune of a comedy. Here, too, would Mr. Biggar now and again sit and listen, cuddled up in his corner with an expression of beatific glee; but to the theatre proper he was not to be wiled. "My dear sir," he would say, "the House of Commons is the best theatre in London. It's all real there, mister." What a grim pleasantry the collocation of some of the above names would seem now! *Neiges d'antan*, alas! And it is one of life's little ironies—one of Ireland's peculiarly tragic ironies—that all the severing of old comradeship and all the tumult of injustice that followed should be the work chiefly of men whose names were never heard of in council or in battle shock in the brave days of old. This slight gossip is not, however, intended to be polemical. It is only, after all, the familiar Banshee wail that croons forever and forever through Irish history if "we return to Kinkora no more."

A favorite haunt of mine on Sunday evenings was the tiny French church of Notre-Dame in a tiny street off Leicester Square. How many Londoners have ever suspected that in that nest of foreign birds of prey, suspected by Mrs. Grundy and by the police—within a stone's-throw of where the ladies of the ballet pirouette in the uncelestial firmament of the Alhambra, and of the back street where, for all we know, the next Vaillant or Caserio

may be constructing the next nitro-glycerine bomb—they could behold a scene of Catholic piety as beautiful and as true as ever transfigured a Breton village on a May Sunday morning? It was impossible, even in Ireland, to witness a finer scene of simple-hearted devotion than in that tiny oratory of Notre-Dame at vespere hour. One of the charms of the place was the delicious French vespere canticles; another was, perhaps (all earthly motives are so mixed), to improve one's French by listening to the French sermon. I was there again during my late visit to England. In a London that had changed so much, here was the only true unchangeable—the ministry that never goes out, the sanctuary lamp that has a way of going on burning through the ages after the statesmen and the scientists, the poets and the conquerors, have all in their little hour flickered out into the night. There were the mites of French boys in their scarlet soutanes, cherub-like as so many heads by Sir Joshua; there was the procession of young girls in their first Communion dress, with their white chaplets of flowers and their long veils, breathing a pleny as pure as if we stood not within hall of Piccadilly, but on the sands of Paimpol with M. Pierre Loti seeing a Corpus Christi procession go by, or with M. Ferdinand Fabre at some chestnut-shaded mountain fête in the Cevennes. Governments rise and fall, but there from the choir rises the everlasting address to the Throne: "In Te, Domine, speraavle: nōn cōngfōndarr in eternoon!" and there in the same two front rows of chairs before the altar sit the nuns of the hospital—as on a front treasury bench (if one may, without irreverence, use the simile), from which no fickleness of popular passion will ever dislodge them until they are raised to an Upper House, in which there will be moth or rust no more! Then the charming prayers of the congregation for the Church, for France, for the conversion of England, for the sick in the hospital; and—oh! so touching and so French—for the intentions of a mother

gravement soucieuse pour son seul fils. What a picture it conjures up of some black-eyed, brown-cheeked boy, lost in some den of London—perhaps a young anarchist, living as Vaillant lived, to die as Vaillant died—and the heavy-hearted mother imploring her brother and sister exiles to pray with her to Notre-Dame of her old Breton village to save him! It was all as of old; and as I went out into the night air, penetrated with the something divine that always perfumes the mind in such a place, it seemed strange not to find Leicester Square illuminated with a brightness beyond the brightness of all the electric lights of the Alhambra façade.

When I first found myself all alone in London, a timid boy, all but thirty golden years ago, I saw more of London in a week than I saw in the thirteen years of my parliamentary residence there. That is to say, the London of the country cousin—whom the Crystal Palace dazzles and the Beefeaters at the Tower bore not, and to whom the climb into the black fogs around the dome of St. Paul's is among the most exhilarating of life's adventures. I was glad to find in myself a good deal of the country cousin feeling in revisiting London, and to discover once more that the National Gallery has treasures as glorious as its cupola is ugly, and that the Abbey has mediæval corners more wonderful than aught the modern mason can build out of all the wealth of London, and that the ghosts of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith are still to be seen in and around Pump Court. It was curious to compare my impressions of London as it lives and moves to-day with my impressions the first morning I set out from a little hotel in Essex Street, which has long since disappeared, to a famous optical surgeon in Harley Street, who is long since dead, through a tangle of Soho streets which were long ago carved up into avenues of violently red brick magnificence. If I were asked to say how the old and the new cities strike a stranger, I should say that London is, in the language of Sam Weller, "wisibly swell-

ing"—swelling not merely in the miles over which it is spreading its prodigious arms and legs into the fields, but in the wealth, health, and energy with which it supports its mighty carcase. I never saw London in such monstrous health. The carriages were more numerous and more splendid than ever; there were fewer of the wan-faced men who sit on the park seats as long as the policemen would let them, and turn the pleasure gardens of the County Council into such ghastly sarcasms; the hideous struggle for life in the streets, with the policeman standing solemnly in the centre of it all to see that too many bones were not broken, was never so fierce or, in spite of wood pavement and asphalté, and the opinion of M. Alphonse Daudet, so deafening; the well-dressed throngs glittering, eddying, and swelling around the theatres, the jewel shops, the restaurants never so filled with the sublime self-confidence of Britons who had got the men, and got the ships, and got the money too. No suggestion of a *fin de siècle* here; none of the sickly nonsense about *Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe*; but more than ever the burly British energy and appetite, seeking what it may devour. London streets looked as thriving as if they had just bolted the tremendous budget surplus that was flowing over from the chancellor of the exchequer's coffers, and were, in the picturesque American phrase, "feeling good." The evening newspaper boys flying through the streets screaming "the winners," know their public. Nothing wins like "the winners"—not at the City and Suburban alone, but wherever Anglo-Saxon men hustle for success, and push the weakest to the wall. I have myself an old-fashioned weakness for people who can still find something to say for "the losers." There, at all events, was the modern Babylon in all its pride of life, and with its full share, too, of the modern Babylon's unconquerable self-righteousness—with the electric lamp of Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Sign of the Cross" at the Lyric Theatre streaming down upon all the wicked Comus rout

of Piccadilly Circus, like the eye of some ancient Puritan caught in one of the unholy orgies of the Restoration. It was all very great, greater, perhaps, than anything the world has ever yet seen, in its triumphantly materialistic way. Is it too shocking to confess that, in spite of it all—may be because of it all?—my enthusiasm for the Euston railway platform remained — fresher than ever?

From The Nineteenth Century.
SHERIDAN.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

The British nation is commonly just, and even more than just, to those who have served it in the conduct of public affairs. Its sentences of condemnation are few, its tributes of honor numerous, its errors probably more frequent on the side of favor than on that of severity, or of neglect. Still, the measures by which justice is meted out are necessarily wanting in precision, and this being so we must expect to find, when examination is closely instituted, that merit has sometimes fallen short of its due reward. So it was, as I think, in the case of Sir James Graham. So, and to a remarkable degree, with the unpretending, and now almost forgotten, name of Joseph Hume. Stepping a generation farther back into the past, we encounter in Sheridan another instance of inequality in awards.

Not only was Sheridan lacking in the prerogative of birth, which defect a century ago was no small affair, but he had also the twin misfortune of being a painstaking and highly successful dramatist, and the almost life-long manager of Drury Lane Theatre. It is difficult to conceive two more absorbing occupations than those of an active parliamentary leader in stirring times, and of the master of a great theatre, respectively. The combination of the two during thirty-one years of parliamentary life, and a still longer period of theatrical possession, is

among the most remarkable *tours de force*, so far as my knowledge goes, of which any man has ever made himself the victim. It was also a grave drawback, if not a misfortune, for Sheridan at his date to be an Irishman.

Mr. Fraser Rae, already well known to political readers as the author of a useful volume in which he associated the name of Sheridan with those of Fox and of Wilkes, has produced this biography in acknowledgment of the lack of justice under which Sheridan has hitherto suffered, and aims at correcting it.

This is the main purpose of his work, and it is with reference to this main purpose that it ought to be judged. The path of a biographer may be a flowery path, but it is beset with snares, especially as to the distribution of his materials and the maintenance of a due proportion in presenting the several aspects of his subject. These, in the case of Sheridan, were especially numerous and diversified. He was a dramatist, a wit, and something of a poet. He won his wife by duelling, and by a trip which might be called an elopement. In society he quickly grew to be a favorite, almost indeed an idol. He came into Parliament by means which, if open to exception in point of purity, were due to no man's favor, but thoroughly independent. While a representative of the people, he sustained in a marked manner the character of a courtier, though the scene of his practice lay at Carlton House and not at Windsor. Here have been enumerated parts enough to fill the life of an ordinary, nay of something more than an ordinary, man. But interwoven with these and towering high above them were his claims as an orator, a patriot, and a statesman. It is in these respects, and especially in the two last, which are the most important of them, that, as Mr. Rae considers, justice has not yet been fully done to Sheridan. His main purpose, therefore, is one of historical rectification. No aim is of more durable consequence, and I cannot but think that in a great measure it has been attained.

In the prosecution of this aim, he has been effectively aided by Lord Dufferin, who has prefixed a preface to his work. Succinct in its range, this preface is a production marked by singular grace and tact; nor is the skill less notable with which its author has extenuated failings heretofore too often dwelt upon, as if they had constituted the substance of the portrait of his ancestor. The failings of Sheridan, which have been quite frequently enough "dragged from their dread abode," constitute grave deductions from his character, but did not belong to its essence, which was just, generous, and true. He was to the last degree sanguine, credulous, impressionable, and sensitive. Powerful as were his mental faculties, they were associated with an emotional nature of such force as to derange, and sometimes overthrow, the balance of conduct; but, if he be credited as liberally with all the good that was in him, as he has been freely debited with the effects of his irregular impulses, it may be found that in the sum total he stands much above the level of average men. It is, however, with the public character of Sheridan that we are here mainly concerned. The general result of Mr. Fraser Rae's work is, that both the personal and the political presentation of Sheridan are improved. Personally we are introduced to one who is both more considerable and more amiable, than the person we had hitherto known under the name of Sheridan. In the second place, Mr. Rae amends the cast of parts at a juncture so remarkable in the parliamentary records of this country, that any one, desirous to supply a young student or a foreigner with a characteristic sample of the British House of Commons in its actual life and working, might not improbably, and not unwisely, be led to recommend for his purpose the study of this period in preference to any other.

The period to which Sheridan thus belongs is, in its earlier years perhaps, the most brilliant of which the House of Commons, amidst all the wealth of its annals, has to boast. Grey, Wind-

ham, Erskine, North, Dundas, and Wilberforce, would of themselves have formed, in point of talent, a tolerable equipment for an average Parliament of the eighteenth century. But when we add to these the four superlative names of Pitt, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, the decade, or two decades, of years which follow the fall of Lord North from power may challenge comparison with any and every other parliamentary period, and must be declared winner in the contest.

It is true indeed that Burke's efficiency for debate, his command of the ready money of political conflict, bore no proportion to that power of reflection and philosophical exposition, in which he holds an undisputed primacy among all the writers upon politics in our language. It appears that he was sometimes effective; but more frequently not so or Sheridan never could have sorrowfully remarked that future readers of his speeches would learn with astonishment that during his life he did not stand by repute in the first order of speakers, nor even in the second.¹ But, after making allowance for weakened impression in this behalf, the combination is extraordinary, and, as I think we must own, unmatched.

What then was the place of Sheridan in his political partnership with Fox and Burke, at a later period with Fox and Grey? Strange as it may sound, yet it would appear that the theatrical manager was the great working horse of the team. It has been customary to think of him as a meteor that blazed with an almost intolerable splendor in the great oration of the Begums of Oude, and then sank into comparative silence and obscurity. Very different from this is the impression to be derived from the volumes of Mr. Rae. His career is characterized by the most constant attendance which was demanded in those days, and down to the Reform Bill of Lord Grey; by relentless industry, the utmost patience in the scrutiny and adjustment of detail, and an attention ever ready alike for the

¹ Life of Sheridan, ii. 237.

demands of stranger and of friend. A single but noteworthy instance throws light upon the whole field of our observation.

The movement for a reform of the representation, which had stirred the young blood of the House of Commons, touched a responsive chord in the quarter where our parliamentary system had sunk to its lowest stage; where depression had become normal, and passed into degradation. County elections in Scotland were decided upon polls in which the aggregate number of votes did not exceed a score; but in the Scotch burghs there were no elections at all. The town councils chose themselves, and also chose the members of Parliament apportioned to them by the Union, so that the wine of municipal as well as political life was altogether upon the lees. An effort was made to obtain some redress from Parliament. Grey, Lambton, Wilberforce were invited to undertake the championship of their wishes, and declined. When a deputation waited upon Fox, he pleaded his ignorance of the constitutional law of Scotland! and advised them at the same time to apply to the over-driven manager of Drury Lane. Sheridan undertook the case; and, in the years from 1787 to 1792, brought it twelve times before the House of Commons. His modest demand, for a reform merely municipal, was ruthlessly rejected.

The man, who was thus chosen to hew the wood and draw the water for his party, was also the chosen instrument for its most delicate operations. He it was who found brains for the Prince of Wales by supplying him, in the difficulties entailed on him through his marriage and his debts, with the letters which he had to write, and which required the utmost care and skill united with promptitude. Of his patriotism Sheridan gave splendid proof when he energetically sustained, and even committed himself by advising, the ministry at the critical period of the mutiny at Portsmouth and the Nore. When a most formidable difficulty arose, in consequence of the falsehood which the

Prince of Wales desired Fox to utter in Parliament respecting his marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert, it was to Sheridan that recourse was had to discover an expedient to meet the case, by using language which would soothe the feelings of that injured woman without any fatal prejudice to the position of others. He shared, as it seems, the errors of his party, in regard to the coalition, the commercial treaty with France, and the Regency; but, if he was a partner in these errors, there is no reason to suppose he was their author. He does not come down to us like Fox, as having taught that France was our natural enemy, or that the Prince of Wales had an absolute right to the Regency upon the incapacity of George the Third.

The grand occasion, on which Sheridan is found in occupation of a separate political position, is that of the Irish Union. Mr. Fox, completely united with Sheridan in condemning the enactment of such a Union in defiance of the sense of the Irish people, found in secession from the House of Commons a convenient cover for his indolence, and thereby of course diminished, both in numbers and in credit, the small residue of those who stood to their guns. At their head was that true, and brave, and also wise politician, whose position on the page of the final historical record we are now considering. He resolutely fought the battle through, supported by minorities, which were, numerically, little better than ridiculous. But the insignificance of his resistance as measured by a merely external criterion is the true measure of its moral grandeur. His work would have been an easy one in comparison, had he been sustained by such volleys of cheering as sounded forth from the crowded benches of the ministerial side. The truest test of a statesman's worth is to be sought and found in the conduct he pursues under the pressure of adversity, and no statesman can better stand the application of that test than Sheridan on the occasion of the Irish Union.

It must be admitted that the case of

Sheridan, as we now have it before us, appears to give some additional pungency to the question how it was that he did not rise higher upon the ladder of official preferment. I remember conversing, forty or more years ago, with Lord Lansdowne (the Lord Henry Petty of All the Talents) on the subject of the traditional imputation on the Whigs, that they would allow no one to enter the Cabinet unless qualified by some nobility of origin. I observed that the name of Burke was the mainstay of this imputation. Lord Lansdowne replied that Burke was an impossible colleague in a Cabinet, by reason of his fractious and ungovernable temper. But there was no mention of the case of Sheridan; who presented, together with Fox and Lord North, an example of gentleness and equability never surpassed in that best of all schools for temper, the House of Commons. I am at a loss to conceive what, had the case of Sheridan been put to him, would have been Lord Lansdowne's answer. He was a most fair-minded and appreciative man. Why then was Sheridan, who stood so high in all the great public qualities of a politician, always relegated to a secondary position? Gambling ought not to have disqualified him more than Fox. But, much to his credit, he never gambled, and he condemned the abominable practice. With respect to wine, it may be said that there was nothing in his habits down to the latest of his opportunities of taking office (in 1806) which could constitute so much as a pretext for it. The cause could not lie in his debts; his trespasses upon others were trifling, in comparison with the liabilities of other foremost men. In the early days, the presence of a Burke excluded might have been a bar to the inclusion of Sheridan in the Cabinet; but Burke was dead and gone long before the latest and best of these occasions. He felt it acutely; a worse man would have felt it vengefully. It is no wonder that, when accepting the office of treasurer to the navy, he should have written to Fox and said that he

accepted it without the smallest sense of obligation to anybody. It is possible that his immersion in the affairs of the theatre may have been deemed an objection. But, if this was so, ought he not to have had an opportunity given him of removing the impediment, by finding, if he could find them, means for releasing himself from that connection? There is no parallel case in our political history; and, happily, it may now be assumed with confidence that there never will be.

It is impossible to close this rapid and slight sketch without one word at least on Mrs. Sheridan. One of the strong titles of Sheridan to the favor of posterity is to be found in the warm attachment of his family and his descendants to his memory. The strongest of them all lies in the fact that he could attract, and could retain through her too short life, the devoted affections of this admirable woman, whose beauty and accomplishments, remarkable as they were, were the least of her titles to praise. Mrs. Sheridan was certainly not strait-laced; not only did she lose at cards fifteen and twenty-one guineas on two successive nights, but she played cards, after the fashion of her day, on Sunday evenings. I am very far from placing such exploits among her claims on our love. But I frankly own to finding it impossible to read the accounts of her without profoundly coveting, across the gulf of all these years, to have seen and known her. Let her be judged by the incomparable verses¹ (presented to us in these volumes) in which she opened the flood-gates of her bleeding heart at a moment when she feared that she had been robbed, for the moment, of Sheridan's affections by the charms of another. Those verses of loving pardon proceed from a soul advanced to some of the highest Gospel attainments. She passed into her rest when still under forty; peacefully absorbed, for days before her departure, in the contemplation of the coming world.

¹ Vol. II. pp. 138-40.

From The New Review.
AN IRISH PEASANT-WOMAN.

Mrs. Quinn has been a great traveller. Born in a suburb of Cork, about the year 1826, she has been that voyage, common to the poor Irish, "over the green fields to Americay," and up and down the Union, and back again to Ireland, and to England and Scotland, before she settled down to end her days at the foot of the Dublin Mountains. She has yet the remains of the beauty that made the comfortable Irish-American shopkeeper, in whose service she was, fall in love with and marry her. Dark grey eyes, rosy cheeks, regular features, and hair black as the raven's wing, with a wave in it; she still has these, though she is an old woman. Her age shows itself by an increasing fragility of look, a sharpening of the delicate features, and a hectic heightening of color that makes one fear on every visit to the old country, that this glimpse of a faithful old friend may be the last. She is honesty and faithfulness incarnate; and her strong vein of poetry reveals itself in her devout attachment to old loves and ol' friends, and the scenes of her youth, and the old ballads she remembers. Her attachment to Pat Quinn, who promoted her from the kitchen to a place at his side in shop and parlor, was very pathetic. One of my earliest memories of her was her coaxing me to save an occasional newspaper or story-book for Pat to read. "Pat Quinn is a scholar and a gentleman," she used to say proudly. As long as I remember her, she earned her living, and his till his days were ended, as a field-worker on my father's farm, with occasional jobs of house-work thrown in. Little by little she came to be more about the house and less in the fields, till in these latter days she spends all her time in the farmhouse kitchen, except when she takes a day or two off work, and spends it like a lady, sitting up in bed reading a story-book. Her cottage 'g over the fields, and she has one companion, her cat Tibby.

Tibby is a handsome, nearly white tom-cat, just out of kittenhood, and

very timid and graceful. To my mind, Tibby redeems the whole cat race from the imputation of being selfish and luxurious. He comes seeking his mistress every night at a certain hour. He is too fearful of the dogs to venture into the kitchen, or nearer than the window-sill. The window looks on the orchard, and Tibby knows that a stout gate intervenes between him and the enemy. If his mistress goes home in good time, he comes to meet her in the fields; if not, he appears suddenly at the kitchen window like a substantial cat-ghost and, rearing himself on his hind paws to his full length, looks his eloquent appeal to her to come home. Tibby has his responsibilities. His mistress visits the village most evenings and returns rather elevated. She is popular, and meets many friends who "stand treat." Lest this disclosure alienate sympathy from my heroine, let me add that she is never more than genially elevated. It is at such times she will sweep her skirts about her, and perform you a real Irish jig with its multitude of steps and paces. Or it is then that she will remember the ballads of her youth, and sing them for you with emotion. During these performances Tibby watches her with a mingled anxiety and reprobation on his expressive countenance. "Look at Tibby now!" his mistress will cry with belated consideration: "Sure he's sayin', 'Come home, you foolish ould womau, and don't be makin' a show of yourself. Sure my heart's broke wid ye, so it is.'" She says "Tibby has more civility than a child." She is somewhat impatient of children, her chief experience of them being limited to the trick-playing urchin.

The tale of how Mrs. Quinn came to her humble ending after her fine *coup* of marrying Pat Quinn, is rather a remarkable one. It might make the text for a superior sermon on Irish improvidence. After they had kept the shop for a number of years, being childless, the idea came to them of realizing their bit of wealth and returning to Ireland. Ireland draws her children back to her as the sea draws the children of sailors,

with a heart-hunger consuming and irresistible. They sold out their property, but before taking passage for Ireland they made a grand tour of the principal cities of the United States. This made a hole in their little fortune, but instead of being ultra-thrifty afterwards, they sailed as saloon passengers to Queenstown, and on arrival made a considerable stay in Cork. After this they visited England and Scotland, and then, coming back to Ireland, they put up at a hotel and lived in glorious idleness till every stiver was gone. Mrs. Quinn pretends to regret this extraordinary improvidence if she is lectured upon it, but in her heart I am sure she never regrets it. Better a year or two of piping life and then work and poverty, than a long monotonous stretch of well-to-do years, unenlivened by even a spree. Pat Quinn never came to hard work. After tuey had settled down in their county Dublin village, he assumed the state of an invalid. He generally kept to his bed where, well propped up and wearing a very clean white shirt, he read the newspapers, and thought over knotty problems in his mind, drawing conclusions which he was ready to impart to the chance visitor. The neighbors were agreed that "Mr. Quinn,"—he always kept the genteel title—was a very knowledgeable man, though the more cynical described him as "a playboy and a great ould schamer, lyin' in his bed while that foolish ould woman earned the bit and sup for him."

Never had any one more loyal service, and more delightedly rendered. Mrs. Quinn used to declare openly that it was an honor, so it was, to earn for Pat Quinn. She admired his fastidiousness in the matter of his linen and such things immensely, and the very tax it put upon her made her esteem Pat Quinn a more precious belonging. She was never too fagged—not after a day's haymaking in summer, or of following the reaper on a blazing August day, or harder still attending the threshing mill; never though she came home wringing wet or scarcely able to stand after dragging through the soft land on

a moist winter day; she was never too fagged to do up Pat Quinn's shirt or to perform a thousand and one offices for him. If she could beg a rose for him to stick in his vest on Sundays, her felicity was at its height. As for Pat's attitude towards her, it was one of kindly commiseration. He rewarded her by reading to her scraps from his newspaper, or by imparting to her his opinions about various matters in a long-winded monologue, full of those polysyllables the peasant loves.

It was amusing to see the pair together. When I made a call on Pat he used to discuss politics, religion, and society, in a very stately manner, with much waving of his hands and a top-lofty air, for all the world like an old hedge-schoolmaster. His wife meanwhile, squatted by the hearth, would listen to the oracle with a look of worship directed upon his grizzled old face. She would break out, "Isn't Pat Quinn a beautiful scholar?" to which he would respond, "Hould your tongue, you foolish ould woman!" and then to me: "I'm always tryin' to insinse somethin' into her foolish ould head. But there: females have no more head than a hin, an' Hannah's no worse than her sec."

She was Hannah Daly before she was Hannah Quinn, and had ballads made to her handsome face in Cork. She boasts that she had once an offer of marriage from "a rale young gentleman;" the romance of it pleases her; he was the son of the house where she was in service. "And why didn't you marry him?" we used to ask. "Indeed thin, 'why didn't you marry him?'" (with sarcastic emphasis) "'Twould be a quare day for *me* to go marryin' a gentleman! an' he a little bit of a *bo-o-oy*, wid no more sinse than to go lookin' after Hannah Daly."

Her own mother died when Hannah received "a fairy blast." She was three years old, and going out on a fairy rath to pick blackberries she fell asleep in the sun. When she was discovered after some hours she was black down all one side with "the blast." Now in the ordinary course of events, the child "would have died in a few months, but

there is an occult ceremony to be performed by a fairy-doctor with the aid of an anvil and a smith's fire, which lifts the fairy blast. The fairy-doctor in this case happened conveniently to be the smith. It is a ticklish thing to meddle with a fairy blast, for if it is lifted from one it is passed on to another. But the smith took the risk because of his friendship for little Hannah's mother. The charm was worked secretly, because the smith's wife must be kept in ignorance, lest "the blast" pass to her or her children. The occasion was the misty dawn of a summer morning. The child was cured; but the young mother was dead within six months.

Afterwards Hannah Daly fell on hard times, for her father provided her with a stepmother of the legendary kind. She was made the drudge of the house, and when she could scarcely walk herself, began to totter under the burden of the first of a long line of fat babies. Perhaps that subjection accounts for something of Mrs. Quinn's jaundiced view of children. Any dereliction of duty was punished with cruel severity. But little Hannah's striped back had no power to keep her next time from following the ballad-singers, which seems to have been her principal sin. Let a ballad-singer appear at the end of the street, and Hannah's tears were dried; her memory and her dread of a flogging were alike wiped clean off the slate of her irresponsible little mind, and off went Hannah and the babies in an intoxication of delight. Surely those ballads never fell on a hungrier ear or more retentive mind. Even yet she will act for you the duets between the ballad-singer and his wife, the rough humor of which enchanted the crowd.

An Irish crowd is the most responsive of audiences. It punctuates the emotion of the ballad-singer's song, as it does the speech from the hustings or the sermon from the altar, with groans and ejaculations. There is the song of "Brennan on the Moor" which relates the adventures of a famous highwayman, to the Irish peasant mind a mix-

ture of the qualities of a Duval and a Robin Hood. "Brennan on the Moor" I have not transcribed, because I should be poaching ungenerously on the preserves of one who is making a special study of this gallant robber, whose only victims were the rich man and the extortioner. I have a picture in my mind of Mrs. Quinn seated on the ground before a red-hot fire, and searching in the mists of fifty years for some missing verses of "Brennan." "Give me time, give me time," she would cry, "and I'll have it." Then she would mutter over a bit of verse, and brightening up would say: "I remember there where Brennan's wife drew out the pistol, and the faces of the crowd, all round, and the ould women groanin' out: 'Sure my blessin' on her, wasn't she the great woman entirely!' I was a little shaver then, not up to the elbows of the others. Wait, sir, give me time. Or wait till I've a drop taken! Sure, comin' home along the road at night I do be rememberin' them as plain as prent. An' then the next mornin' they're gone entirely."

The crowd likes its sentiment of a tearful kind. I took down from Mrs. Quinn's lips many famous old ballads now forgotten, or superseded by the broad-sheets issued by Nugent, of High Street, Dublin, to meet every political and social contingency. Who is the anonymous poet that thus makes contemporary history? I have never been able to discover. Here is one of the old ones, which might have come out of Autolycus his pack — a very pitiful ballad:—

MOLLY BAWN.

A story, a story, to you I will relate
Concerning of a fair maid whose fortunes
were great;
She roved out one evening, she roved all
alone,
She sat below a green bower a shower
for to shun.

Young Jimmy being fowling with a gun
in his hand,
Fowling all the day till the evenin' came
an,

Her apron bein' about her he took her for
a swan,
But alas to his grief it was fair Molly
Bawn.

Jimmy he came home with his gun in his
hand,
Sick and broken-hearted, as you may
understand,
Cryin' "Father, dearest father, if you
knew what I have done,
I have shot Molly Bawn at the settin' of
the sun!"

Up spoke his father whose locks they
were grey,
Saying, "Son, dearest son, O don't go
away,
Stay in the country till your trial comes
on,
And you never shall die for the loss of a
swan."

"Twas two or three nights after to her
uncle appeared she,
Saying, "Uncle, dearest uncle, let my true
love go free,
My apron being about me he took me for
a swan,
But alas to his grief I was fair Molly
Bawn."

He cried, "Molly, you're my jewel, my
joy and heart's pride,
And if you had but lived I'd have made
you my bride,
You were pride of the country an' flower
o' them all,
An' I shortly will follow my own Molly
Bawn."

Hereupon the unhappy lover shot him-
self. When I asked Mrs. Quinn why
the ballad didn't state this definitely she
was a little indignant. "Sure, you
wouldn't want to be *tould* everything?"
she asked.

The old theme of the lover returning
in masquerade to try his sweetheart's
fidelity is frequently treated in these
ballads. It is in what Mrs. Quinn calls
a beautiful ould song:—

THE BANKS OF CLODY.

"Twas of a summer's morning all in the
month of May,
Down by a flowery garden I carelessly
did stray;

I overheard a fair maid most grievously
complain,
"Tis on the Banks of Clody my darling
does remain."

I stepped up to this fair maid an' took her
by surprise,
I own she did not know me for I was in
disguise;
I said, "My lovely maid, my joy and
heart's delight,
How far have you to travel this dark
and dreary night?"

"To Clody Banks, kind sir," said she,
"the way be pleased to show
In pity to distress, for 'tis there I have to
go;
I'm seeking of a young man, and Johnny
is his name,
An' 'tis on the Banks of Clody I'm told
he does remain."

"These are the Banks of Clody, whereon
fair maid you stan',
Do not depend on Johnny for he's a false
young man,
Do not depend on Johnny for he'll not
meet you here,
But stray with me through yon green
wood, no danger need you fear."

"If Johnny were here this night he'd keep
me from all harm,
He's on the field of battle all in his uni-
form,
He's on the field of battle, his foes he do
defy
Like a roaring King of Homer all in the
Wars of Troy."

"It is six long months and better since
Johnny left this shore
To cross the stormy ocean where foaming
billows roar,
To cross the stormy ocean for honor and
renown,
And as we were told on the coast of Spain
the gallant ship went down."

When she heard the dreadful news she
fell in deep despair,
She went wringing of her snowy hands
and tearing of her hair;
"O, since Johnny he has left me, no other
man I'll take,
Through lonesome woods and valleys I'll
wander for his sake."

But when he saw her loyalty, her pain he
could not bear,
He fell into her arms, crying "Betsy, I
am here,
Dear Betsy, I'm that young man, the
cause of all your pain,
And since we've met on Clody Banks we
never will part again!"

Almost identical in subject and treatment is "Glencoe," which used to be sung to Mrs. Quinn by a young woman named Hannah Hannigan, "a lovely singer."

Another favorite theme was the romantic love between a damsel of high estate and a humble youth. To this family belongs the following fragment. Unlike some of us, Mrs. Quinn "had not the whole of it":—

One morning as young Mary went lamenting for her love,
She met the wealthy squire himself all in her uncle's grove,
He clasped his arms about her and strove to draw her down,
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning-gown.

Young Mary handled those pistols with the greatest bravery,
And like a noble Hector plied the sword courageously,
She gave him a fatal wound, and then immediately
She fired and shot the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.

But when her uncle heard that noise he hastened to the ground,
He said, "As you have killed the squire I'll give you your death-wound;"
"Stand off, then," cried young Mary, and all undauntedly
The trigger drew, her uncle slew, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

The doctor then was sent for, a man of noble skill,
And likewise the attorney for him to sign his will;
He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully,
Then closed his eyes, no more to rise, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Young William then was sent for, and quickly did return,
When he arrived young Mary dried her eyes and ceased to mourn;
The banns were quickly published, they joined their hands so free,
And she now enjoys her ploughboy on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Such an effusion as this—a penny plain and twopence colored style of art—would be tremendously popular with a crowd in the streets. The classical allusions in this and the preceding poem prove that they belong to a date when the hedge-schoolmaster had not finally disappeared. In another poem called "Castle Hyde," which is the eulogium of some noble residence near Cork, we hear:—

There are fair walks in this pleasant garden
Where sits most charmin' in shady bowers
The gladiathor, both bold and daring,
By night and morning to watch the flowers.

Some of Mrs. Quinn's ballads date from the days of Father Mathew, and bear internal evidence of their age, as in the delightful fragment of "Captain Colston." She could not remember the concluding verse or two, though she assured me they would come into her head as soon as she had "a drop o' porter." The verses she remembered are these; they are of the real "come-all-ye" variety (we use this term in Ireland to describe the popular ballad which usually begins with "Come all ye faithful Christians"):—

Ye inhabitants of Ireland, ye heroes stout and brave,
That does intend to cross the say your country for to lave,
Come, hear of Captain Colston, that hero stout and bold,
Who fought his way along the say and never was controlled.

From the 11th to the 20th we sailed upon the say,
Ten long days in pleasure spent, bound for Americay,

The captain and his lady they came on deck each day
All for to cheer our merriment while sailing on the say.

The number of our passengers was three hundred and sixty-two,
And every one teetotalers, excepting but a few,
We pushed around the limonade to nourish us at say
For Father Mathew's medal we brought to Americay.

When our merriment was over, and going to bed at night,
The captain he went round the ship to see that all was right;
He said, "Brave boys, do not go down, you need not think to sleep,
For in a few hours more we may be slumbering in the deep."

And out spake Captain Colston unto his jovial crew,
Saying, "We must fight until we die, there's nothing else to do,
Our inimy's approaching down from the western say,
To rob us of our property going to Americay."

When the pirate ship came up to us they ordered us to stand,
"Your gold and precious loading this moment I demand,
Your gold and precious loading resign to me this day,
Or there is not one soul you'll bring into Americay."

Out cried the women and children while in the hold they lay,
But the captain and his passengers they showed them Irish play;
And when the battle started the blood in strames did flow,
But undaunted were our boys who did the pirate overthrow.

The vigor of the ballad-maker seems to slacken in the last verse. Of a more homely and less heroic cast is another ballad of the temperance revival:-

THE ROUGH PUBLICAN.
My name not to mintion, I've travelled this nation,
And into Cork city I chanced for to stray,

I sat myself down by a publican's fire,
And twice for one naggin he made me to pay.

When I went in I had put down the money,
But quickly the rogue put it into the till,
It was then my wife's cloak he sent off to the broker,
To rob the poor people they think it no ill.

His name for to mintion is not my intimation,
By trade he's a cooper, and lives on Mallow Hill,
But well he remembers the cold rainy morning
He pledged my wife's cloak, and my coin in his till.

He left my two childher to roar with the hunger,
The cries of the babies they did not avail;
I'd have you beware of this damnable villain,
If you pay him beforehand he'll serve you as well.

Come, all jolly topers, I hope you'll take warning,
And drop drinking whiskey the course of the week,
And Saturday night, when you get your week's wages,
You'll bring to your wife a fine bit of beef-steak.

So dale with the butcher, you'll find he is honest,
And likewise the grocer for powder and shot;¹
Call to the baker and buy his fine loaf-bread,
And all the day Sunday you'll have a full pot.

It's early on Monday your wife will embrace you,
These words to her darlin' she quickly will say,
"Upon my word, Johnny, if you'll drop drinking whiskey,
I declare to my goodness I'll drop drinkin' tay."

¹ Sugar and tea.

And that very week you will buy a new
blanket
To cover the cowld little childher in
bed;
In the course of a twelvemonth your for-
tunes will flourish,
You'll buy a new table and fine feather
bed.

It's early next morning as Johnny was
walking,
He met with the publican's wife in the
street,
She smiled and she said, "Won't you give
us a naggin?
You know with the master your word it
is sweet."

Young Johnny he viewed both her cuffs
and her collar.
Her fine dandy cap she wore over her
net,
"It's your blue-stone whiskey has left my
back naked:
Be off to the Devil, 'tis he'll have you
yet."

I'll tell you now plain what they put in
their whiskey:
'Tis blue-stone, and caustic, and poison
likewise;
But, maybe, you'll think I'm not spakin'
in earnest,
Then, by the whole world, I'd tell you
no lies.

If you drank all your wages and left your
back naked,
And a darby¹ you wanted the very next
day,
The landlady'd frown and fly into a pas-
sion,
With, "Begone, you big blackguard, I'm
goin' to my tay."

Young Johnny has dressed his wife up
like a lady,
And his childher have silks that hang
down to the ground,
Instead of a room he has got a fine parlor,
The like in Cork city is not to be found.

He has got a new pot, a brass fender, and
bellows,
And two armchairs for to sit at their
aise,

¹ Half-glass.

A beautiful taypot, and fine cups and
saucers,
And a new-fashioned cradle the baby
to plaise.

This temperance sermon is the most
homely of all the repertoire. Mrs. Quinn
has a good many of the old ballads by
heart also—such as "John O'Dwyer
Aglanna"—John O'Dwyer of the Glen,
who was a hero of the Irish Jacobites—
and "Colleen Dhas Cruidthe-Na-Mo,"
or "Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow." But
perhaps I have given enough specimens
of the rustic muse. It is more quaint
than poetical, as a rule, but these were
people struggling with the difficulties of
a language not their own, which they
had been forced to adopt within a
generation or so. If you want to get at
the poetry of the people's ballads you
will find it in the Jacobite songs trans-
lated by Ferguson, Walsh, Mangan,
and Callanan, or in the pure and lovely
love-songs of Connacht, which Dr.
Douglas Hyde has translated word for
word.

After all her adventures Mrs. Quinn is
a very happy old woman. She is alert
for every kind of fun, and when the
circus visits the village she is in a front
seat every night, being treated thereto
by one or other of her numerous admirers.
The one thorn in her side is Mary Malone,
an "unco' guid" spin-
ster, who looks with a jaundiced eye on
Mrs. Quinn's jiggings, and the easy way
she takes the question of her salvation.
Mary Malone is popularly supposed to
spend her time in praying for Mrs.
Quinn's conversion, which is an inge-
nious method of injury. Mrs. Quinn
will always "rise" to the question: "And
is Mary Malone still praying for you?"
But with all her vehement anger
against her enemy she expects to meet
her in heaven, where I don't suppose
Mary expects to meet her. "Sure we'll
all be there," she says optimistically.
"Drinkin' out of our little mugs at the
fountain." I think she must have
picked up this idea at some revival
meeting she chanced upon in America.

"Do you expect to meet Tibby in
heaven, Mrs. Quinn?" I asked. "No.

indeed, then. Is it Tibby? A cat! No animals will go there, though Tibby's a mannerly baste—only Christians. I'll be out of sight of Mary, I expect, the bitter ould maid. But she'll be there, because she's a human being. She'll be saved. But no cats or dogs or horses will get in there. They'll just cease to exist."

A verse of "Colleen Dhas Cruidthe-Na-Mo" is occasionally sung by Mrs. Quinn for the routing of her enemy, nor is it without provocation. Mrs. Quinn is a smoker, and has always her little black dudeen and the bit of twist in her pocket. She is slightly sensitive about her indulgence in the pipe, and it is Mary Malone's habit, when Mrs. Quinn has slipped from the rank of field-workers to light up under shelter of a hedge, to step out of that rank and gaze with a persistent gaze towards that particular spot in the hedge-row. It is then that Mrs. Quinn will break cheerfully into song:—

An ould maid is like an ould almanac,
Quite useless when once out of date;
And when you don't sell in the morning,
By evenin' you'll fall to low rate.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE WHITE ROAD.

If you were to travel England from end to end you would find no two stranger places than Churchsea and Hillbury, and I make bold to say that even in foreign parts, though I know them not, you would not find their match. It is not that they are large and have great trade, for indeed they are both somewhat decayed and fallen behind the time; but rather that they are singular in themselves and very beautiful. Churchsea, from its hilltop, looks across to Hillbury on its neighboring height; and between and around them lie level lands and pasture, white with sheep and mist, and intersected by narrow waterways. Once the sea washed the bases of both hills, and

even when this century was but two years old and my blood was hot, it came nearer to us than now, when we see it but as a beckoning friend a mile away. At Hillbury is the mouth of a small river, so that at high tide little craft can sail up to the town; but we of Churchsea make slight account of this, for it is but a poor stream, with flat mud banks and no grace of color; yet the folk of Hillbury take great credit to themselves because of it, as though God had given it them for some special virtue, of which, as he knows, they have but little.

I would have you understand, then, that Churchsea looks across to Hillbury, and Hillbury looks across to Churchsea, year in, year out; and between them lie the pastures and the white road. This road runs as straight as a rapier from base to base of the two hills, at the Churchsea end rising into the town under one of our great gates, and at Hillbury turning by the river, skirting the wharves, and so over the bridge up into the red-tiled town. What I have to tell happened, as I have before put it, when my blood was hot, many years ago; yet you may see the road to-day as clearly as I saw it then.

One morning, an hour before noon of a late summer day, I sat idly in my father's garden, making a great show of reading in a new book that my cousin, Margery Meryon, had lent me. But I held it always open at the same page, and if by chance the wind blew over a leaf, I turned it back again. Our garden faced towards the sea, and the heavy, shouting winds that swept across it allowed only the hardiest plants to live. But a furlong to the right, and with a high seaward wall, was my uncle's, Roger Meryon's garden, which, because of the protection of this wall, was as full of tender flowers as any place in the heart of England. On that morning I could not keep my eyes from my uncle's garden, because my cousin, Margery Meryon, was there, tending her roses, and wherever Margery was both my eyes and my heart were as well. I had watched her,

I suppose, for an hour, and beyond a wave of the hand when she came out, she had paid no heed to me. Yet I thought if she had wished to be free of me she could as easily have kept to the south side of the house, and so I made no scruple to delight myself with the sight of her. She must have known then that I loved her, for I think little is hidden from a girl where a man's love is concerned; but she knew me so well, and had tumbled and played with me so often, that she desired little of my older kisses. As she moved slowly from bed to bed, with the sun lighting her sweet face and hair, and her hands, white and tiny, flashing from bush to bush, my heart sang and mourned together; for my love for her was made happy even to see her afar off, yet I feared that her love was out upon another quest.

It was a quiet day, with little air stirring, and presently far away on the white road I heard the beat of a horse's hoofs. Margery heard at the same moment, and stood balanced lightly upon her feet, with open lips and eager eyes, listening. I set my teeth together, and turned a page. Whether my hand shook, or whether it caught against my sleeve, I know not, but the leaf tore across; and then in my sorrow I could have wept for hurting Margery's book. I looked at her again, and as the sound of the hoof-beats came nearer she moved quickly towards the gate, with never a glance towards me. I rose and turned my back upon her, the book under my arm; but the rider was still some distance off, so I walked into the house, and set about arranging my room, which sorely needed it. Through the open window the sound still followed me, and when at last it stopped, as I well knew it would, at Roger Meryon's gate, I could not forbear looking out. I knew it to be unworthy, and I felt the blood spring to my cheek as I looked; but I was very young, and my love for Margery like a leaping fire.

Robin Penridd swept off his hat to her with an air, and dismounted more slowly, I thought, than befitted a lover with such a girl as my cousin to

welcome him. He took both her hands and made as though he would draw her towards him for a kiss; but she held back, and he had to be content to let his lips touch her fingers. He was a handsome man enough, and I knew nought against him save that he was not of our country, but came from the west; yet it was hard to see him bending over her, with laughter shining in his eyes, and an answering, loving light in hers. Once Margery glanced to where I had been sitting, and I was sure she thought it kind of me to have left her free. This sent the blood into my face again, and I turned resolutely from the window and watched them no more.

For the rest of that day I labored at setting my room in order, and when my mother saw the change I think she wondered what had come to me; but she said nothing, and only guessed that I had done it with a fretting heart. I made myself believe that if one of our own people had come between me and Margery I would have taken the matter less like an angry child; but that Robin Penridd should come and rob us of our beauty made me feel bitter and unkind. In those days, too, the secret trade in French brandy, following on the heels of the great Revolution, was very boldly carried on; and I knew Robin to be deep in that. Not that I really thought the worse of him on that account, but Margery was no girl to mate with a man whose neck was in a noose.

Just before dusk, when the air was golden with sunset, and Hillbury looked no more than half a mile away, I took my hat and went over to my uncle's house. There was no one sitting in the window where I had half expected to see Margery, so I walked quietly up the pathway between the ranks of flowers and lifted the latch without any warning. The door gave at once into the living-room. It was empty, but Margery's work lay upon the table as though she had just laid it aside, the needle still sticking in it. I took up the dainty stuff to see what work she was spoiling her eyes upon. It was a fine lace handkerchief, and she

was embroidering the edges with a pretty fancy of red and golden blossoms, interlaced with green ivy leaves. I laid it down again so hurriedly that I pricked my finger with the needle, and a little drop of blood fell upon the lace. Then I called "Margery." I heard her light footstep cross the room above, and presently her voice answered from the stair-head, "Is that you, Oliver?"

"Who else," I said, "would come in without a knock? Come down to me, Margery." She came down slowly, pausing on each step, and greeted me quietly, looking frankly into my eyes. I had rather she had entered with down-dropping lids and a less even color. I am not sure that she would have resented a cousin's kiss, but I had no wish to give one. It is easier for a man to endure hate than quiet indifference; yet I did my Margery an unwitting wrong in that.

She sat down to her work, while I paced the room from end to end, scarce knowing why I had come or what to say, yet with words crowding to my lips. Each time I turned she glanced up at me, and the sight of her dear face, shining through the growing twilight, filled me with such longing and bitterness at once that I almost cried out as one in sudden pain. I had a great passion to take her in my arms and force her to my love, and as strong a hatred of the very thought of such blind cowardice. Between the two I did nothing for so long that at last I took the first words that had come into my mind.

"Robin Penridd was here to-day," I said. "I saw him from the window of my room."

"So you watched," she said proudly, kindled at once like a dry leaf in flame.

"And if I did," I said, "who is to blame me? Remember, Margery, that we are of the same blood."

"I blame you," she said; "and, cousin Oliver, you blame yourself, or will when you are less angry. It was not a kind or honorable thing."

"So you would be always alone with

him, Margery,—truly, it is well that some one should be on guard."

She rose at this, and I bit my tongue for sheer vexation to have been so unjust, and to see the color burn in her face.

"If you have nothing better to say than this," she said, "I will bid you good-night," and she turned to go; but I caught her at the door and held her there, begging for her forgiveness.

"Forgive me; I did not mean it, Margery. It was not I who spoke, but the churl in me I thought dead. I will never play the spy again; if you wish it I will go away and never see you or Robin any more."

"Nay," she said, looking at me very kindly, "why should you go away?" I saw her love for Robin in her eyes, and that made her bold to keep me. I could always read Margery like a book.

"It is hard for me to stay," I said, "and go on loving you as I do. I have always loved you, Margery, since you were a little wild lass who rode upon my back. But my man's love is less happy than the boy's. If you bid me stay, why, then I shall be here, always at your call when danger comes."

She held my hand in both her warm, young palms, and smoothed it kindly, "I am very sorry for this, Oliver," she said. "For indeed, Oliver, I love you very much when you are good."

"But I do not want that love," I said. She was so much a child still that I almost wondered whether she understood; yet there was not five years between us.

"You may think you do not want it now, but some day you will be glad of it. And as for danger, Oliver, what danger can there be?" There was a tremor of fear in her voice, in spite of the quiet words, and I pitied her in all sincerity.

"Robin Penridd," I said, "has enough casks of good French liquor stowed away to hang him ten times over. You must warn him to be prudent."

She laughed lightly, for in these matters women have no conscience, "And who in Churchsea or Hillbury,"

she said, "has not? Even you, good Oliver as you are sometimes, know where some of the kegs lie."

"Nay," said I, "and I cannot deny that; but Robin runs too boldly, and the king's men are awake."

She thought for a moment, pulling at a fold in her gown. It had grown so dusk that I could scarcely see her face, and so quiet that through the open door came the sound of the wind over the marshes far below. I put my hands upon her shoulders to make her look at me. "Bid him be careful, Margery," I said, "and so good-night."

"I will Oliver, I will," she said; "and don't be unhappy, Oliver. Remember, there are other girls."

"I think, Cousin Margery," I said, my hands still upon her shoulders, "that I shall remember only one. Good-night."

When I reached the gate I turned and saw her busy lighting the candles; then her shadow spread across the low ceiling and danced from corner to corner as the flames flickered in a puff of wind. She looked grave and a little troubled, thinking of all that I had said.

That night I went down into the marshes, knowing every foot of the way, and walked six good miles before I climbed the hill again. The moon was riding clear by that time, a three days' crescent, and the sky was quivering with a mist of stars. The bulk of Hillbury stood up black against the horizon, pricked out here and there with lights; and still below the wind came and went like the breath of a sleeper. There was a light, too, in Margery's chamber, and the sight of it made me feel so pitifully alone that the tears burned in my eyes, for I knew she did not think of me.

After this, and until autumn was ripe about us, I saw Margery often, sometimes in my mother's house, sometimes at my uncle's, Roger Meryon's, and often, as I first described her, in her garden. At times my love slept; then again, at a chance turn of the head, at an inclination of the body, at a sudden sweep of skirt or touch of hand, my passion for her would awake

to all the old yearning. For it is by these things that love is fed, and I believe that when women have ruled the world they have ruled it rather by the tender pathos of reminiscence than by any strength of will or virtue. So it was, at least with Margery, and for a certain smile of hers, drawing down the corners of her mouth and veiling her eyes in a morning mist of laughter, I would at that time have sold my soul. But along the white road, to and fro, Robin Penridd came and went, until I grew to consider the sound of his horse's hoof-beats the signal of my own humiliation.

For a time Robin was more careful in his secret dealings, so that I suppose Margery must have given him my warning; but when the landward roads were yellow with drift of fallen leaves and the marshes were brown with withered rushes he grew bold again. Both Churchsea and Hillbury are undermined with great cellars,—the places, as it were, being built upon a warren. These were made when the towns were in the tide of their prosperity, the time when all the French wine that came into the country passed through them. But this privilege lapsed long ago, and the dim ranges of empty cellars fell into decay. Still, to such as Robin, they were of great service; for though the king's men knew most of them, they did not know all. I think it was the spirit of the work that drew Robin into it, rather than any common love of gain; for he never had much money, and what he had he spent freely. A musty cellar drew him like a magnet; the discovery of a hidden entrance made him as happy as a girl with a new kerchief; and the scent of danger braced his spirits like wine.

One morning, in mid-November, I had business in Hillbury, and, as my custom was, I went round to my cousin Margery to see whether she had any commands that I could carry for her. She gave me one or two trifling messages, for a girl will miss no opportunity of service, and then, as I went, called me back again softly. "And,

Oliver," she said, "if you see Robin, bid him be sure to come to-night." This faith in me touched me deeply; I promised, and set forth upon my walk.

It was a gloomy day, the sky heavy with low clouds, and at intervals blurred with flaws of rain. The sea was dull as lead, the marsh more grey than green, and the air so heavy that the sound of my own footsteps lingered long after it should have died. Hillbury, as I neared it, seemed like a dead town; there was little shipping at the river-wharves, and the climbing streets were as deserted as a church betwixt matins and evensong. Yet my fancy overran the truth, for though little was stirring when I stepped across the Market Street, there were a few scattered townsfolk about.

I did the business that I had with my mother's attorney in short time; Margery's little matters took me longer, but by two o'clock I was ready to return. I had not seen Robin, however, and could hear no news of him; so I turned into The George, being in no hurry to depart, and ate and drank there. Dusk fell early, bringing a weeping mist with it, and I sat on in the parlor, staring out into the blind street, wondering where Robin Penridd was, and what Margery was doing, and what turn my life would take, as a man will on such a day. I took no count of time, but filled and refilled my glass in a kind of dream. I had bade them bring no lights, and as there were no others in the room and economy jumped with my wish, the landlord had respected it and left me quietly alone.

Suddenly, as I sat thus, a great terror came upon me, so that I could not stir, and my scalp grew cold beneath my hair. It was as though invisible hands laid chill fingers upon me in the darkness; as though the silence were alive with voiceless echoes, so sad that my heart turned upon itself for comfort and found none; as though some appalling menace reached up from Hell. Hope, faith, even memory, died within me for a space. I stood upon the borders of the grave and smelt the fume

and clay of it; my body seemed already slimed with worms. I could neither cry out, nor pray, nor weep. It was death triumphant over life while the blood still moved in my veins; an awful agony and rigor of spirit that, when it passed, left me naked as a babe.

Then a horse galloped up the street, was reined in at the door, and a moment later Robin Penridd was with me.

"Oliver," he said, "you have been searching for me. Others are searching too."

I was still dazed, and hardly understood him. "I have a message from my cousin Margery," I said; "she bids you not to fail to come to-night."

He swept his hand across his brow, and an oath slipped between his teeth. "Do you know the hour?" he said. "I should be with her now; but I cannot go, Oliver. The hunt is after me. I have gone too far, and to ride to Churchsea to-night would mean the end of everything. Oliver," he said very pleadingly, "you have not always been my friend, and indeed I cannot blame you; but be my friend and Margery's to-night. Take my horse and ride to Churchsea. Even now she is waiting to hear my step. Tell her that I cannot come, and if you are able, comfort her."

"But you?" I said.

"Oh!" he said laughing, his spirits leaping at the danger. "I must hide. A horse could be no friend to me to-night. Will you go, Oliver?" We could not see each other's faces clearly, but our hands met on my unspoken promise. Without more words I slipped into the street, mounted Robin's horse, and rode at a hand-pace through the town. When we came upon the high-road I gave the creature rein.

For a time I was still half blind with the fear which had hardly left me; but the wet, flapping wind that buffeted my face, the quick motion of the ride, and the consciousness of my errand, soon served to set the life moving in me again. And more than that, whether from joy at finding myself still sound, or whether from some natural habit of the body I cannot say,

I seemed to have within me the fire, the passion, the clamorous exultation of a double life. And as I was carried through the rushing night my thought took hold of Margery, reached forth to Margery, fed upon the savor of her name and beauty, until I was no more master of myself than a man who struggles in an ebbing tide. And then the thought slipped into my mind that at that moment she would be listening for the hoof-beats on the white road, that her heart would leap and sing at the sound of them, and that he who rode should be her lover. I leaned forward with the blood beating in my ears, urged Robin's horse onward with a word and a caress, and presently was aware of the black opening of the great gate before me. We clattered through at a gallop. I did not stop to think or weigh my course; I cared for nothing but that Margery was waiting, and that night and the white road were good to me for once.

I knew where she would wait, just under the shadow of the high wall; and sure enough I saw the glimmer of her light gown. Suddenly reining in I stooped out of the saddle, as I had seen Robin do a hundred times, and then her arms were about my neck, her moist lips pressing warm kisses against my face, her voice broken in sweet little sobbing murmurs. For a moment I was mad with the mere joy and touch of her; then shame and remorse struck together at my heart, and I freed myself.

"Margery! Margery!" I said.

I saw her shrink back a step. That was her sole reproach to me, then or since. "Oh, Oliver!" she said.

"I have come from Robin Penridd," I said, stumbling over the words. "He cannot see you to-night."

She caught the bridle in one hand, and the steam from the hard-ridden horse wrapped us in a hot mist. "He is in danger," she panted. "Oh, Oliver! dear Oliver! tell me what it is."

"He is being hunted to-night. He has played too deeply, Margery; but he is bold and will throw them off the scent. Now go in."

"Nay, Oliver," she said. "I must go back with you. He will need me sorely."

"But you can do nothing, child. Besides, he may be miles along the coast ere this."

"Nay, Oliver," she said again; "I must go back with you now."

"It is impossible; you have no horse. Go in to rest, Margery."

For answer I felt her foot on mine, and she had leapt up behind me, her hands fast about my waist. I could not cross her wish. My penitence was still burning in my marrow, and so I turned the head of Robin's horse towards Hillbury once again. Down through the gate we went slowly, with the wind shouldering at our backs; then down the steep curve at the hill's base, and so into the white road once more, without a word of good or evil fortune, without a sound about us but the wind and the crying reed-beds and the distant crash of surf. Margery's arms were clasped so closely round me that I felt their warmth stirring at my heart, but I dared not think of the love I bore her then. She was in my hands of her own free will, and the quest on which we went together was for her lover's safety. It was between her and him, with me for a means at both their service; and that I had overstepped the bounds of my commission once made me set an iron grip on my will.

I was beginning to consider the folly and uselessness of Margery's wish, and wondering what we were to do at Hillbury, when, just as we turned up over the bridge, a signal rang out that made me set heels to Robin's horse and my hands tighten on the reins. It was a pistol-shot, that struck a hundred echoes from the houses that climbed the hill, and before these had died two more shots snapped into the darkness. Then silence fell. I judged the sound to come from the bottom of Eight Bells Street, a kind of *cul-de-sac* which could only be reached from the upper streets, because its lower end was blocked by a tall house which gave upon the wharf. Still Margery said nothing, but as I urged the sweating horse up the

last incline, her hands gripped me so hard that my breath struggled to get free. A shuffle of running feet went before us down Eight Bells Street, and at the end I saw a crowd gathered and heard the sound of angry voices and fierce oaths.

"Shall we go on?" I whispered back to Margery. By this time I was chill and sick for my cousin's sake.

"Oh, for the dear Christ's sake," she said, "go on, go on!"

At the edge of the crowd, the staring faces fitfully lit by lanterns, I dropped the reins and turned in the saddle to help Margery to her feet. But she was down before my hand touched her. I followed and glanced round upon the group. There were king's officers there, and in their midst Robin's friend and partner, John Drane, with blood upon his face. He caught my eye, and cried, "There's little good in bringing a live horse to a dead man." Then he spat blood upon the ground from his wounded mouth, and hurled himself upon his captors; but in a moment he was overcome.

I would have held Margery back until I had had time to think, but she went straight through the people, who fell back on either hand, I following, and in the midst of them a man lay upon the ground with his face to the black sky. It was Robin Penridd open-eyed and dead, with a bullet through the lungs, and upon his breast there lay the handkerchief which Margery had wrought for him so tenderly, dark with blood.

She stooped down and looked into his face, and then she fell upon her knees and fingered at his bosom, and then she looked round at me with such a hopeless, pleading, questioning terror in her eyes that I wished myself dead and happy in Robin's place. I understood why death had laid a hand that day upon my spirit, and I, too, fell upon my knees beside the dead man within the circle of that silent company, and made the blessed sign and prayed. Alas, I had no comfort for my cousin Margery, and even God was very far away.

I rose and gained permission from Robin's murderers, for they seemed no less to me, to have the poor dead body, that had been so blithe and strong and loving, carried decently and quietly home; and then I touched Margery on the shoulder and said, "Come." I feared, at first, that she would not leave him; but happily she let me guide her as I would. I longed that she might weep—her dry eyes hurt me—but she only turned and gave me her hand. "Come," I said, "we must go home."

"Oh, Oliver, Oliver," she moaned, "we were too late." Then she turned fiercely, with bared teeth, upon the crowd, and cried: "Cowards, cowards, why could you not save him? What were any of your lives to his? Cowards, and worse than women!" She kissed him once upon the lips, and after he had been carried to his lonely house, we mounted the dead man's horse once more and set out for the last time that night upon the white road.

The wind still surged across the marshes, the surf clamored on the beach, and Margery's hands were round me again, but she spoke no word. She laid her head against my shoulder after a time, and I felt her breathing; yet I had no joy even in that. At every step a dead hand seemed to pluck at my skirts to draw me back, and every now and then my mind rose into a frenzy of fear and pity that shook me to the soul. The touch of death seemed to be in the clammy, moving darkness round us; we were shadows flying from a presence that yet kept pace with us, and the night to me was full of this presence and a girl's tired heart.

At last, as we neared the gate, Margery's hands relaxed a little and then closed again passionately as she broke into pitiful weeping. At this I was glad, with that gladness which is like a scourge; I dared not have left her still dry-eyed at her father's door.

It was in this way that the white road, as it were, became the highway of my life. And still my thoughts, my memories, and my fears, and above all, my love, go up and down upon it;

and in my dreams I see it bright in moonlight or blurred with rain, hear the beat of hoofs upon it, and live over again the piteous tragedy of that day and night. I still love my cousin Margery as I loved her then, and some day I shall tell her of my love; but she has had such sorrow as falls to few women to endure, and I have learned the grace of patience in the same bitter school of tribulation, so that I may be an old man before I dare to speak. Nay, even now, my youth is far behind me, and I think sometimes it left me forever in that wild night upon the white road.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A CITY OF SUFFERING.

It is a city lying within the Conqueror's city, fine old Caen, whose squalid streets are touched into worthiness by their churches with color-flushed windows and stones carved long ago. The plenitude in these streets, not only of churches but of family rubbish-heaps, leads to the inference that the prayers of the Caennais absorb more time than do the punctilios of sanitation. The schoolgirl who stated that atmospheric air was composed of germs and small insects may perhaps have been a dweller in this Norman community, and in that case she came near being justified of her thesis. No stranger who suffers his nose to travel forth into the public highway undefended by smelling-salts, can harbor the smallest doubt of the need of hospitals in this place.

We all know well the story of the Conqueror's marriage with Matilda of Flanders, and how the twain snapped their fingers at remonstrant abbots and condemnatory councils, and lived awhile triumphantly in what the Church considered very naughty wedlock. But with the flight of a brace of years compunctions pricked, and the royal sinners devised each a solid expiation of their naughtiness. Thus at opposite poles of the good town of Caen arose the two penance-built churches, William's and Matilda's, the

Abbaye aux Hommes and the Abbaye aux Dames, stony warnings to those who would plunge into matrimony without first considering tables of relationship; and round these two churches congregate nowadays the sick in body and mind. For the noble ladies of La Trinité, Matilda's Abbey, tend the wards in the hospital, whose park kisses their walls; and almost under the shadow of William's austere St. Etienne lies that wonderful composite house of mercy, the convent of Le Bon Sauveur, where many human miseries bring themselves to be healed and comforted. Thanks to its distinguished connections, the former foundation in earlier days seems to have been able to conduct itself with not a little flourish. Thus we read that in 1729 the citizens of Caen fired seven volleys of cannon to honor the arrival of a great lady as Abbess at La Trinité, and the thrifty-minded chronicler adds regretfully that they would not have fired more than three, but that they thought her sister, the Princess de Carignan, was with her. "Noble dame Marie-Anne de Verus" made, however, but shabby return to the town of Caen for its lavishness in welcome and gunpowder. Little more than a year later it was discovered that she was employing agents to smuggle large quantities of wine into the Abbaye. Wherefore there was some little unpleasantness with the authorities, and great heartburnings resulted, and a still greater lawsuit. It was not surprising that the Caennais, accustomed to the amplitude and aristocratic methods of this royal sisterhood, should dub the struggling congregation of Le Bon Sauveur, in its baby days, "*le petit couvent*." That it should ever have been thus named seems incredible to the visitor in a hurry, who begins at the wrong end, and, marvelling at the stinginess of convents in the matter of exits and entrances, has to circumambulate something like a mile of walls before reaching the gates. For "*le petit couvent*" is not only big but huge, and covers seventeen acres of the old town of Caen.

This is little cause for wonder, since within its mighty walls of native stone two thousand motley humans suffer and work and pray. Here Napoleon's schoolfellow, the never too lucky Bourrienne, came to die. Here that gay dog, Beau Brummell, lived out the tattered remnant of his low-pitched life. Though, as the great doors opened before him, the old creditor-ridden Beau cried out in despair at entering what his mazed senses took to be a prison, yet it was here that he found the kindness which the world denied when the clothes supply failed, and debts took the place of money. Captain Jesse, in his "Life of Brummell," tells how, at his entrance into the convent-asylum, the poor old Beau was helped to his rooms by Auguste, his friend's servant, and by one of the sisters, who, despite her holy robings, he insisted upon taking for Auguste's wife. Auguste was a lucky fellow, he remarked to the sister in a burst of gallantry, as they went along, "car vous êtes bien une jolie femme!"

It was in 1731 that "*le petit couvent*" began its career, very quietly, with no flourish and no volleys of cannon, for it was a lowly born woman's venture. Anne Leroy was the daughter of an insignificant tradesman, who drove his little business in one of Caen's mean streets. She was brought up to earn her living as a dressmaker, but, being devoutly minded, she before long forsook her trade, and entered the convent at St. Lô, near Bayeux, hoping by this step to serve both God and her fellows. For to the average woman in the France of olden days the path to devoted philanthropy led commonly through convent gates. The lavish vices and prejudices of the time barred to the ordinary woman of the world the wide field for work which lay open to secular sisterhoods. Thus when the altruistic passion touched the ex-needlewoman, she in her St. Lô convent had to "*faire sa profession*," to take the three great vows which shear life of its fulness, before her career of fellow-service could begin. The motive which made her presently leave

the convent, and go back to her native town, is left for our guessing. Certainly she, of all others, brought up from babyhood in its narrow, filthy streets, must have known to the full the nameless horrors that lurked in them, the sicknesses that pained and the poverty that gnawed, and known too with a compassion born of fellowship. We are told that in 1733 the "*coqueluche*," that old-time cousin to influenza, ran riot in dirty Caen during Lent, and resulted in such an enfeebled plight of the inhabitants that it was found necessary to officially sanction the reopening of the butchers' shops.

Possibly it was some such plague and the rumors of misery radiating from it, that drew the devout Caennaise from her convent to help her fellow-townsmen. Whatever the cause may have been, Anne Leroy left St. Lô in 1731, and, going back to Caen, devoted herself to tending the sick and sad and suffering, and drew around her other women eager for the same pitiful task. "Her sole idea," as they say in the mighty convent that arose from her efforts, "was to do as her Saviour had done on earth." They lived in Vaucelles, these sisters, in the heart of the city's poverty; they taught young girls, they visited the sick, they took into their own quarters poor lunatic women, and there ministered to them. And truly no more urgent work than this last could they have chosen, for in history there are few blacker blots of cruelty and ignorance than the old-time treatment of the insane. There were no Masters in Lunacy in Anne Leroy's days, no decent asylums, little compassion for madness, and less knowledge of its causes. A lunatic was a person of uncertain, inexplicable, and often dangerous habits. Society feared him, tucked him away somewhere out of sight with the aid of keys and chains, and passed by on the other side. In all probability this Gallo-like attitude meant for the lunatics a far greater sum of suffering than that involved in the impetuous treatment of a younger civilization, with its ducklings, and whippings, and like active but transi-

tory measures. But whether or no the poor creatures found swift agony preferable to imprisonment, their history unfortunately leaves no doubt of the existence of both in great bounty, of horrors and barbarity unimaginable, of the deprivation of all that their dulled sense could grasp of life and its joys. In Caen the pillared Palais de Justice stands where once stood the old gaol, part of which was known as "La Tour des Foux." Here were stowed away those wretched beings who were not as their fellows; here their days dragged out to years with a ghastly accompaniment of heavy chains, insufficient food, and lack of all things desirable. Kindness, consideration, pity—of these they probably knew less than wild beasts in captivity. Vincent de Paul had indeed preached, but Dr. Pinel had not yet practised. Wherefore Anne Leroy in her quiet way tried to build a seemly harbor for this human wreckage. She began, naturally, with the women, and with some success, apparently, for when the volcano of the Revolution burst, this little community, which it scattered with the rest, consisted of twelve sisters and sixteen lunatic women. Owing to the disturbances of the Revolution, it was not till 1804 that the prosperous period of the Bon Sauveur Sisterhood began. Then their director, the Abbé Jamet, came to their assistance with no half-hearted aid, and obtained for them the larger premises of the Capucines, as numbers bade fair to increase. Doing as Christ had done on earth proved a widely comprehensive scheme, upon which secular authorities were in time brought to look favorably. A loan was granted, and the work grew.

The old building of the Capucines thus forms the nucleus of the present acreage of Le Bon Sauveur. It is a joy to artists' eyes, that low-built old quadrangle, with its age-tinted roofs and narrow cloisters, and grateful minglement of sun and shadow. In summer the begonia beds blaze amid the prim little walks, and heliotrope scents the air round the quaintly sheltered well whose pagoda-cover ever

forbids entrance of the sunny glare. One side of the quadrangle is the nuns' common room—a grand space, rich in many windows, many chairs, and many portraits of sweet womanly faces, all uniformed in the ugly scapular that so surely kills the prettiness of the merely pretty. From all sides they look down on us, these honored women, some old, some not so old, the "mothers" of the convent who have gone to their rest. On one side of the fireplace hangs the portrait of Mère Leroy, a strong-featured, somewhat stern face, with more of command than of sweetness in it. There, too, is pictured the Abbé Jamet, benefactor and faithful co-worker, who shares the honors of the convent with its foundress. A tablet in the chapel of the male lunatics tells how for two years the good abbé was paralyzed, and was only cured by the healing touch of the Bishop of Bayeux, wherefore he built the chapel as a thank-offering, and died very soon after. So he lies ever among them, there in the little garden chapel, a peaceful statued figure, with praying hands, bathed in a perpetual glory of golden light.

The consul-general's loan, with its resultant larger premises, enabled the sisters to give the lunatics better housing and treatment than had been possible in the old buildings. At the demolition of the Tour des Foux the mad folk were taken to the gaol at Beaulieu, and brought thence after a while to the kindly shelter of Le Bon Sauveur, where compassionate women followed the lead of the Paris doctor in forbidding chains, and neglect and cruelty were of the past. The lunatics were human beings once more. But the sisters did not limit themselves to this one branch of good works. There are three schools within their walls; one for *demoiselles de famille*, one for middle-class girls, one for the youngsters of the poor folk of Caen. In the infirmaries the four resident doctors treat not only inmates, but whatsoever of broken limbs and casualties the surrounding Caennais bring to them. The sisters go forth and nurse the poor, they distribute food and medicine to

the needy, and carry their sympathy and kindly faces into the smelliest streets. As the great doors shut out the grimy Rue Caponnière, there comes a vision of a sunlit court of low buildings, catching a hint of tropic grandeur from the huge palms and yuccas which grow in wooden buckets, glorying in the glare. From among the palms a gate opens upon the quarters of the deaf-mutes, a cheery place enough, though rife with strange, unhuman sounds. There are some sixty of them in all sizes, these bungled creatures to whom Mother Nature has been so strangely stingy. The sisters labor patiently to bridge the gulf, and some with this their life-task have marred their faces and widened their silently speaking mouths at which the children stare with such intentness. The little ones' labored answers come curiously, with unexpected catches of breath, and with tones and turns which show the undrauded heirs of vocal ages that the small ears cannot listen to the small lips' strivings. To children of a larger growth are taught divers trades: they learn to be joiners, weavers, tailors, and what not. Both big and little take kindly to physical exercises, and a delight and joy to most, though possibly not to their more completely sensed neighbors, is the beating of a drum, which looks as though they instinctively sought to cheat the fate which condemned them to make less noise in the world than their fellows.

The little wicket swings behind us on the voiceless dwellers, and we are out among the palms again, and cross courts and quadrangles bright with flowers, and cool cloistered walks and shady avenues. There, under the lee of the men's infirmary, goes a knot of blue-bloused inmates, interested and busy with their truck-load, their warder dressed even as they. Here in the shade saunter brightly dressed ladies, with a keen-eyed sister in attendance. They might be taken for whole-minded were it not that their gait bewrayeth them, as is also the case with the little regiment of poorer women whom the sisters are bringing to help in the great

laundry. Specklessly clean are they, shady hats tied well under their chins, smiles on their meaningless faces; but their path zigzags, they are prone to halts and vacuous starings. Then the sisters touch the lax arms gently and remind them of business, and they go forward again with large dragging steps. So we follow up through the mighty wooden washhouse, four wide stories of cleanliness, with their tenantry of steam and water and myriad pendant sheets and stockings. Peeping through a trap-door we see under a cool arch below, framed as in a picture, the strong-armed women of the town who help their less competent fellows within the convent walls. Blue-bodiced, bent-necked, they kneel on the brink of the little Odon's shadowed ripples, and emptying bas-kettles whiten in their hands, while behind them sits the quiet sister, supervising, arranging, handing this or that, a black-robed figure whose face we see not. And turning back through the farmyard, with its orderly perspective of chewing cows, we reach at last the huge kitchens, where the faces of the army of sisters redden amid stoves and boilers, where in cohorts and battalions the milk-puddings flaunt their little span, where the domestic coffee-pot stands six feet high, and the sight of the soup supply evolves disbelief in a parallel hunger. And on over the way into the bread-cutting room, where an amiable lunatic, bubbling with the importance of his mission, turns the machine which changes ponderous loaves into thin shreds for potage. Thence to the home of the said loaves, a russet wheaten glory from floor to ceiling, ponderous verily, but fleeting, for each hungry day swallows seven hundred of the stoutest. But the Titanic bakery replenishes gamely, for the monster proportions of its mixing-troughs seem to laugh at the little men who work them. Further on, the cider-press has a house to itself, and sunk steps lead to the cider's penultimate goal—two barrels of gigantic girth, whose inwards, we are told, are cleaned by no mere mop, but by several

mortal men with mops, who spring-clean within these elder mansions at the dry season. For since there are two thousand throats in the convent, even to the greatest elder-cask cometh every two months a dry season.

In time we reach the quarters of the women lunatics—airy rooms and corridors smelling of much soap and more summer air. For the milder paupers are little dormitories, plainly furnished with some half-dozen white-winged beds, and the warder sister's strong-hold tucked into the alcove next the peepholed door. The paying patients have their one or two private rooms, prettily furnished; here easy-chairs and costly hangings, there a lace-draped bed for the lady, and for the wild beast who occasionally gets the upper hand, lo! a strongly barred berth, where the beast may tear and worry and hurt nought till it becomes a lady again. "Do you admit Protestants?" curiosity asks of one of the sisters. "Why, surely—if they are mad!" she answers sweetly. More corridors, more white beds, more warder religieuses, and at last out through locked entrances on to the roof, whence we look down on all Anne Leroy's city and a good deal of William the Norman's too. The "little convent" lies below, buildings and flowers and trees and walls, variously dight lunatics and darkly draped religieuses, chapel roofs and the crosses of two graveyards, tiny chateaux for

rich noblemen and noblewomen, flower-gardens for them, aviaries, fountains, carefully guarded fishponds, all of miniature delight that can be devised. Just at our feet is the pleasure-ground of the women lunatics, rendered four-fold by high walls. In one division the rich ladies lounge in low chairs amidst gorgeous flower-beds; in another women of a lower class take their ease a trifle less luxuriously, or pace up and down in the shade. The other twain are for the paupers. In the first of these movements cease not, feet wag on the gravel, fingers drum, heads nod unmeaningly; there is no quiet there. They are the ever-restless, separated from the more placid variety lest all should become restless. But in the last garden there is peace. Figures sit under the trees like logs, desire seems to have failed, a voice seldom breaks the quiet of the peopled lime-walk. There is sunshine round them, greenery over their heads; but they sit on dumbly, their eyes vacantly gazing, doomed to be mere existences in a world that lives. And we lift our eyes from the sadnesses of Anne Leroy's noble charity and the great unfolding walls, and outside spreads the racecourse, flecked with flags and hurdles, and beyond all the shivering heat of distance and the serrated squadrons of poplars, looking like giant ghosts of the old Northmen marching to battle.

Glass Bricks.—Talconnier's blown glass bricks, which should not be confounded with the solid blocks of glass formerly used with little success for similar purposes, are very light and strong. They are, in fact, hollow chambers, so shaped as to facilitate their being put together like other building blocks, and are laid so as to present an ornamental appearance. Made in this fashion the bricks fill successfully the part of double windows with an air-chamber encased in a double glass wall, and they are consequently an efficient preservation against cold as well as against heat, and good insulators of dampness and noise. The bricks are hermetically sealed while yet hot, thereby preventing foreign substances or dust

from soiling the interior, and they are then annealed to increase their powers of resistance. The laying of the bricks is plain bricklayers' work, the vaults being constructed over a centre of wood, heavy lime mortar or light cement mixed with fine sand being used after the whole width of the joint around the brick has been covered with a layer of sizing of a light tint that can be varied according to taste, so as to obtain nice effects of changing colors if desired. The glass bricks, it is said, are used with good results in the construction of greenhouses and conservatories, as they retain the stored heat for a long time; consequently a considerable economy of fuel is realized.

Railway Review.

